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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

Biographical Sketch of the principal Events of the Life of THE HON. WILLIAM FLETCHER,

ONE OF THE JUSTICES OF THE COMMON PLEAS IN IRELAND.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

WILLIAM Fletcher, a name ever mentioned with respect, but hereafter with admiration, was born in the town of Kildare, on the 10th of June, 1751. His father was a physician, a member of the Queen's college. When his son had arrived at those years in which the young mind begins to look forward into futurity, and to select the path that is to carry him to the goal of independence and fame, the fancied term of every youthful aspiration, he chose to follow the profession of his father. The choice of this profession indicates a strong mind. Its first appearance is revolting—it exhibits but scenes of pain, and misery, and sorrow; the person who adopts it from choice, must have his reason so far matured and confirmed by reflection, as to be capable of looking forward to consequences, and in the depressing exhibition of humanity in its most melancholy form, to anticipate the glorious triumph of benevolence, guided by science.

After having spent two years in the study of medicine, he was induced to relinquish his design of pursuing that profession, from some family circumstances, which caused a change in his future prospects. He then determined to apply to the study of the law; a profession admirably suited to a person gifted with a strong understanding, and habits of persevering study, though, probably, still more discouraging to a young and ardent mind, from the difficulty of rising into notice, and the still greater difficulty of attaining its high and enviable honours, unless by stooping to means which true independence would turn from.

After having gone through the usual preparatory forms (for the preparation required by law for admission to the Irish bar is nothing more) he was called in 1778. Like every other young practitioner, he remained for some time without name or practice. But he did not *loiter*, as is said by a biographer who professes to be his panegyrist. A mind, framed like Fletcher's, could not *loiter*; he was then, perhaps, busiest, when most unemployed; he was engaged in storing his memory with those treasures, which enabled him, when an opportunity of displaying his ma-

tured talents presented itself, to stand forward in the erect consciousness of a soul confident of its resources. Such an opportunity occurred sooner than usually falls to the lot of young barristers. The independence of his principles, which always vented themselves in a manly and undaunted freedom of speech, brought upon him the dislike of the judges. This dislike shewed itself in open court. It was the crisis of his professional fame. Had he shrunk before the overbearing frown of power, his name and prospects would have been for ever blasted.—He did not yield. He boldly advocated his own cause, with such spirit, truth, and resolution, that he overawed his enemies, who were forced to acknowledge, by their silence, the plenitude of his triumph.

A lawyer of real talent, whatever may be the difficulties attending his introduction into business, possesses this singular advantage, that once he has had an open for giving public proof of his endowments, he is certain of success. Talents, when their existence is once ascertained, require no underhand practices to secure their effects. The prospects of Mr. Fletcher, therefore, began to brighten—the road to honourable affluence was open to him; and the same vigour of mind, and perseverance in study, that had enabled him to take advantage of the crisis of his fortune, retained to him the full enjoyment of its continuance. For some time his fame and business advanced in a steady progress of increase, until at length he procured admission into another passage to celebrity and honour, through a door now for ever closed against the abilities of Ireland—a seat in the Irish parliament. While here, his voice and vote were ever at the command of his country—He remained fixed on his first stand of genuine independance, unshaken either by the seductive smile of power, or the no less seductive, though more unsteady, shouts of popular applause. Ireland, and not the parties who aimed at rule, was the beacon which guided his course in the turbulent sea of political contention, then most boisterous.

Among the few benefits which this country could enjoy, from Lord Fitzwilliam's short administration, too short for the production of any effectual good, but long enough to be remembered with gratitude for goodness of intention, and with sorrow for the disappointed hopes of a nation;—among the few benefits Ireland could enjoy, was the promotion of merit for its own sake: a principle which, if steadily acted upon, would long since have made Ireland a happy and contented nation. Together with other appointments of this description, was that of Mr. Fletcher to the rank of King's counsel.

With this addition to his well-earned honour, he still persevered in the same course of public and private duty, encreasing in the estimation of every person who knew him, either as a lawyer or a senator.

On the last great question that was discussed in the Irish parliament, a question which may be said to have concentrated the talents of the nation, in which every man, whatever were his principles or party, felt himself compelled to speak as well as to appear in his place, he maintained the same undeviating line that had ever marked his political career. He fought the cause of Ireland to the last.

During the Bedford administration, he was appointed to the high situation he now holds, with equal honour to himself, and advantage to his country. He possesses all the essentials of a judge—depth of legal information, quickness of apprehension, perspicuity in unravelling difficulties, steadiness of determination, and, above all, integrity of heart.

"Justice Fletcher possesses a deep, solemn, and full toned voice; his learning is accurate, extensive, and profound, ever at command, and produced with promptitude and clearness. Not content with expounding the law, he traces it to its sources, points out its principles, and vindicates its wisdom; his hearers are not dismissed with a mere decision of the point at issue; he appeals to their understanding, by alledging the reasons on which it is founded; they are not silenced by authority, but satisfied by conviction. In the knowledge of the ancient law of England, or what is called "Black-letter learning," he stands pre-eminent; he is also particularly well versed in the history and doctrine of the constitution.

"To these advantages he adds a flow of clear and forcible language, occasionally illustrated by historical or scientific allusions, selected with judgment, and enforced with energy."

The hours of recreation from public business, are principally devoted by Justice Fletcher to studies analagous to his professional pursuits; occasionally varied by what, to his mind, may be styled lighter reading, such as the classics, particularly Greek. With this language he is intimately acquainted, and the investigation of its peculiarities has often been a favourite object of his leisure hours.

He was married to a Miss Whitley, of the Queen's County, and has one son, now a young man about twenty; who, we trust, will be led by the powerful motive of example, to emulate his father's virtues.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

LORD BURLEIGH'S PRECEPTS TO HIS SON.

TEN PRECEPTS, WHICH WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, GAVE HIS SECOND SON, ROBERT CECIL, AFTERWARDS EARL OF SALISBURY.

SON ROBERT,

THE virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum* which is only able to make thee happy, as well in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy creator and redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable. So that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents. Yet, that I may not cast off the care beseeming a parent toward his child; or that thou shouldest have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others, than from whence thou received thy breath and being; I

think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than by much reading; to the end that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses, whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And, because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts, and, next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content. And they are these following:

1. When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once.—If thy state be good, match near home, and at leizure; if weak, far off, and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in her youth. Let her not be poor, how generous or well-born soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility: nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for by one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it to thy grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool. And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate; and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly: for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no shew. I never heard praise inscribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink, which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live, like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily or contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell.—And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

2. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly, give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded, that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious in-

clination. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps; for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have meat served in diverse dishes. Neither by my consent shalt thou train them up in wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use. For soldiers in peace are like chimnies in summer.

3. Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee.—For he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of the household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand. For there is one penny saved in four, between buying in thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen or friends, or men entreated to stay; for they expect much, and do little: nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most; and thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

4. Let thy kindred and thy allies be welcome to thy house and table; grace them with thy countenance, and father them in all honest actions. For by this means thou shalt do double the band of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity; but in an adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

5. Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay. But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friends. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger; where paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing money be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment, is lord of another man's purse.

6. Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong. For besides that thou make him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance. Neither attempt law against any man, before thou be fully resolved that thou hast law on thy side; and then spare not for either money or pains. For a cause or two so followed or obtained, will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

7. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many, yet small, gifts, and with little charge. And if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight. Otherwise, in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a foot-ball for every insulting companion to spurn it.

8. Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous. With thine

equals familiar, yet respectful.—Towards thine inferiors shew much humanity, and some familiarity; as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head; with such like popular compliments. The first prepareth thy way to advancement. The second makes thee known for a man well bred. The third makes a good report; which once got is easily kept. For right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are more easily gained by unprofitable courtesies, than by churlish benefits. Yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much. Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh.

9. Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate. For it is mere folly for a man to enthral himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become his enemy.

10. Be not scurrilous in thy conversation, nor satirical in thy jests. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hated of thy best friends. For suspicious jests (when any of them savour of truth) leave a bitterness in the minds of those who are touched. And albeit, I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen so many prone to equip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than jest. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travel to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

ACCOUNT OF SCHMITZ, THE GERMAN ENGRAVER.

Towards the latter part of the last century, Professor Krähe held the post of superintendant of the picture-gallery of the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf. One day, a young journeyman baker of that town called upon him; and after a short preamble, took a book from his pocket, intimating that he wished to sell it to him. The professor opened the volume, and found that it was a prayer-book, adorned after the manner of the superstitious ages, with a great number of miniatures and designs; and after a close examination, he perceived it was the same as that which Clement Augustus of Bavaria, elector of Cologne (elected in 1723) had ordered to be published, and copies of which had then become very rare and dear. The first question he asked the young man was, how he had come by the book? His visitor, blushing, replied, that it was only a copy made by a person who had borrowed the original.—"And who made this copy?" enquired Mr. Krähe. "I did," replied the modest baker. The professor began to examine the book again, with still greater attention; and yet, in spite of all his skill, he could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. He could no longer suppress his astonishment, and asked the youth why he had not rather chosen the profession of an engraver, than the trade of a baker. "That," replied he, "was the most ardent wish of my heart, but my father, having a numerous family to provide for, could not defray the expence of an education suitable for an engraver. I have resolved," he continued, "to ap-

ply myself to that art, but as my father cannot do any thing for me, and I heard of your passion for the arts, I formed a hope that you might, perhaps, purchase my copy, and thus enable me to make a beginning. I have no doubt, that, with industry and good fortune, I should get forward in time."—"Come to-morrow, my friend," said Mr. Krähe; "don't fail to come," he repeated, with an energy expressive at once of his pleasure and admiration.

Very early the next morning the good professor went to a friend residing at Kayserswerth, a small town a few miles from Dusseldorf, of which his young *protegé* was a native. This friend was enabled by his fortune to do good, and he did not want the inclination. Krähe related to him what had passed the preceding day, expatiated on the rare dispositions of the youth, and requested him to lend this rising artist two hundred dollars. "He will, without doubt, become a distinguished engraver," added he, "and will, in a few years, be able to repay you, and, besides, I will myself be security."—"I want no security," warmly rejoined his generous friend, "there are three hundred dollars for you."

Krähe returned to crown the wishes of his new and interesting acquaintance, who received the money with transports of the most lively enthusiasm. He immediately quitted the oven and the peel, studied geometry, applied himself to drawing, and soon acquired a competent fund of historical information.

By two years assiduous application, he made such a rapid progress, that the professor advised him to leave Dusseldorf, where he could not hope to enlarge his professional knowledge, and to repair to Paris, promising to give him letters of recommendation to Mr. Wille, a celebrated engraver of that capital.

Schmitz, for so the young artist was named, followed the advice of his worthy patron, and, to husband his little stock of money as much as possible, he performed the journey from Dusseldorf to Paris on foot. As ill luck would have it, he fell sick as soon as he had reached that city; and though he found an asylum in a convent, into which he was received with the greatest hospitality, and where he was treated with the utmost attention, yet the incidental expenses to which he was subjected by his illness, which was very long, completely exhausted his pecuniary resources.

On his recovery, a feeling of that delicate self-love, which so frequently accompanies real genius, prevented him from calling upon Wille, to whom he could but have appeared a disgusting picture of indigence. One day as, sorrowfully meditating on his situation, he was wandering up and down the streets, he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard, one of whom thus accosted him: "Young man, are you not a German?"—"Yes." "From what place?"—"From Kayserswerth, near Dusseldorf." "Why, you are my countryman! What are you doing here?" Schmitz related his history, which he finished with observing, that a long illness had occasioned him the loss of a great deal of time, and robbed him of his little stock of money, but yet he could not bear the idea of being chargeable to any person. The soldiers, pitying his condition, advised him to enlist with them, assuring him that their duty was not

hard, and would leave him sufficient leisure to follow the bent of his genius. Schmitz accepted the proposal, was conducted to a captain of the regiment, enrolled for four years, and soon afterwards introduced by his captain himself to Mr. Wille. He obtained permission to prosecute the study of engraving under the direction of that eminent artist, in all the leisure time that the nature of the service would allow him; and thus continued for four years, at the expiration of which he received his discharge.

To perfect himself as much as possible, he remained two years longer at Paris, and exerted all his diligence to overcome by new efforts all the difficulties of his art. At the end of these two years he returned home, furnished with the best attestations of his talents, industry, and morality.

His kind patron, Krühe, received him with open arms, was delighted with his progress, and employed him in works for the cabinet which he superintended. Schmitz continued for two years to work under the inspection of the professor, always conducting himself in such a manner as to gain more and more the affection of his worthy employer.

One day the latter invited our artist to a dinner, at which several of the professor's friends were to be present. In the midst of this jovial company, Schmitz made himself extremely happy, till all at once he learned that the entertainment was given in honour of a stranger; and that this stranger was no other than the happy mortal destined to be the husband of the professor's youngest daughter, a female beautiful in his eyes as Minerva. Thunderstruck by this intimation, Schmitz thought of nothing but how to make a speedy retreat, which he actually effected as soon as he decently could, leaving the guests to sing and be as merry as they pleased.

Next morning he returned to the cabinet in deep dejection, and with the most sorrowful countenance. This sudden change was remarked by his benefactor, who urged him to communicate the cause. Schmitz, with a tremulous voice, and an agitation which rendered it almost inarticulate, acknowledged how cruelly he had been disappointed in having conceived so violent a passion for a lady, who was shortly to be consigned to the arms of another.—"Have you acquainted my daughter with the whole extent of your affection?" asked the father.—"Never," replied the noble-minded young man, "never have I opened my lips to her on the subject. How could I, who have neither titles, fortune, nor any pretensions whatever, talk of love to the daughter of my friend, my patron, my benefactor! It was enough for me that I could see her; I kept watch incessantly over my conduct, to avoid all suspicion—and now I learn, that in a short time I am to be deprived of the only happiness to which I durst venture to aspire."

The good professor, himself deeply affected, did all he could to comfort Schmitz, and to cheer his spirits. He assured him of his warmest friendship; declared that he loved him as his own child; but at the same time earnestly exhorted him to stifle his love for Henrietta, hinting at the impropriety, especially under the present circumstances, of continuing to harbour such a passion.

Schmitz admitted the justice of these representations, and promised to obey: but the shock was too violent for his constitution; he fell sick, and was upwards of four months in imminent danger. Mr. Krähe paid him all imaginable attention, and administered all the consolation in his power, but in their interviews never did the name of Henrietta escape his lips. Meanwhile the melancholy situation of this victim of the most discreet passion, could not remain unknown to her who was the innocent cause of it; she pitied him from her heart, but though pity is nearly akin to love, duty and honour steadily upheld the barrier by which they were separated.

While this was passing, the bridegroom returned to his friends, and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his letters, that he was endeavouring to find pretexts for breaking off the projected match, though he durst not clearly express his sentiments on the subject. Henrietta, however, guessed his meaning, gave him full liberty to follow his inclinations, and released him for ever from his promise. The answer was such as had been anticipated. Her self-love was rather piqued at the facility with which her intended had renounced her; but her thoughts soon turned to the delicacy and sufferings of Schmitz, and her passion was gradually transformed into attachment. She had then no hesitation to address her father.—"I know," said she, "that you always wished to have Schmitz for a son-in-law; all obstacles are removed; inform him, that Henrietta consents to be his, if she can still contribute to his happiness."

The father, overjoyed at this intimation, acquainted the enamoured Schmitz with his daughter's dispositions. This good news had well nigh proved too powerful for the latter: but at length he came to himself again, and his constant protector seizing his hand, conducted him to the feet of the worthy object of his passion. He recovered his reason and his strength while passing the evening in the society of his beloved Henrietta.

Let the reader conceive, if he can, the surprise of the whole family, when the following morning intelligence arrived, that this model of lovers had left the town in a coach and four, carrying with him all his plates and drawings. What a thunderbolt to the kind-hearted Krähe! what a mortification to the gentle Henrietta!

Satisfied that this freak could be no other than the act of a deranged understanding, they soon began to dread the return of the fugitive as much as they had deplored his departure. They received no news from him to dispel their apprehensions: at length, on the ninth day, he returned from Munich, with an order to the treasurer of the palatinate to pay him the sum of 600 florins per annum. He had gone and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine; informed him of his passion and his situation, and produced the certificates of his good conduct, and the proofs of his talents. His highness, deeply affected, granted him the above-mentioned pension. "Ah! prince," exclaimed the tender-hearted Schmitz, rising, "I shall now be more worthy of Henrietta."

These particulars are extracted from a German work of considerable estimation, entitled, *Museum for Artists and Amateurs*. The circumstances themselves happened between the years 1770 and 1782.

BRITISH LOYALTY EXEMPLIFIED.

DURING the reign of Queen Elizabeth, three persons were sentenced to have their right hands cut off by a butcher's knife and mallet, for publishing a pamphlet against the Queen's marriage with the Duke of Anjou, under the title of '*The discovery of the gaping gulph whereinto England is likely to be swallowed by a French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the bands, by letting her Majesty (Queen Elizabeth) see the sin and punishment thereof*—1579.' One of them, through the interest of his friends, obtained a remittance of his sentence. The following singular circumstances are recorded of the two others:—When the first of them, named Stubbes, was brought to the block, he addressed the by-standers, acknowledging his guilt, and his loyalty to the Queen. He concluded as follows:—"I beseech you all to pray for me, that it would please God to forgive me my sins; and I crave pardon of all the world, and freely forgive every one that hath offended me, and so with mercy to deal with me, that whether I live or die, I may live or die his servant. My masters, if there be any among you that do love me, if your love be not in God, and in her majesty, I utterly deny your love." The hand being ready on the block stricken off, he said after to the people, "Pray for me, now my calamity is at hand." At the end of these words his right hand was struck off; when waving his hat with his remaining hand, he exclaimed, "God save the Queen!" and immediately fainted.

The other, named Page, next ascended the scaffold, and addressing himself to the people, said, "I am come hither to receive the law according to my judgment, and thank God of all, and of this I take God to witness, that knoweth the hearts of all men, that, as I am sorry I have offended her majesty, so did I never mean harm to her highness' person, crown, or dignity; but have been as true a subject as any was in England to my ability, except none." Then holding up his right hand, "this hand, said he, did I put to plough, and got my living by it many years. If it would have pleased her highness to have pardoned it, and to have taken my left hand or my life, she would have dealt more favourably with me, for now I have no means to live; but God, which is the father of us all, will provide for me, I beseech you all to pray for me, that I may take this punishment patiently." And so, laying his hand upon the block, he prayed the executioner to perform his office as quickly as possible, who, at two blows, severed his hand from his arm, whereat, lifting up the stump, he said to the people, "I have left there a true Englishman's hand;" and so went from the scaffold very stoutly, and with great courage.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

I am happy to have it in my power to gratify the laudable curiosity of one of your correspondents, who made some inquiry in your last number as to the existence of a Druidical rocking stone

in the northern part of Ireland.—One of these extraordinary relics of barbarous antiquity is to be seen in Island Magee, in the county of Antrim.

Island Magee itself is highly deserving of a visit from the curious observer of nature. Though called an island, it is in reality a peninsula, running nearly north and south, connected at the southern extremity with the rest of the country, from which it is divided by a long and narrow gulf, named with equal impropriety, the lough (or lake) of Larne. The sides of the lough also present many pleasing prospects. Island Magee is frequently visited by strangers, for the purpose of seeing the Gobbins, an immense range of precipitous rocks, in some parts upwards of 150 feet high, by which it is protected from the assaults of the northern ocean on the sea side. But as such visits are seldom extended farther, the rocking stone is but little known; it is situate at the most northern extremity of the peninsula, near the extreme point of a small cape or projection of land, which points almost directly to the north. It consists of a huge misshapen mass of common whinstone,* and is of a roundish shape, but apparently not reduced to that form by the hand of man, for there is no mark of a hammer or instrument on it; its diameter is, as far as I can guess, for I had no means of determining it with precision, about eight feet in every direction, which would make it about twenty-five in circumference. It rests on the summit of another rock, which has three or four projecting protuberances, serving, as it were, for feet to the other. On these it is fixed, but by applying a slight force to its side, its motion is perceptible, and so delicately is the balance adjusted, that a child's strength is sufficient to set it in motion. Its situation is peculiarly romantic. It is placed on the brink of a rugged precipitous cliff, overhanging the sea, which "foams in turbid majesty below." How it was removed to the spot it now occupies, is difficult to be accounted for, for on the land side there is also a cliff above the spot where the stone is placed, leaving a level flat, not much more than the usual breadth of a road, between it and the precipice beneath. It is also singular, that had this immense mass been moved but a single foot beyond the precise point on which it rests, no human power could have prevented it from being precipitated by its own weight into the abyss. Altogether it forms a singular picture; and, surrounded as it is by a scene of wild grandeur on every side, it excites in the mind feelings very congenial to the imagined purposes of gloomy superstition for which it was erected.

It is, however, but just to add, that some persons doubt that it has been fixed here for the purpose usually supposed, or, indeed, that it owes its present position to human art. They attribute it to one of those extraordinary accidents, which the changes of time, and convulsions of the elements, have caused in a region, that seems to have been the sport of nature in her wildest freaks. Among those who maintain the latter opinion, is the learned and acute Dr. M'Donnel, of Belfast, a gentleman to whose opinion, the extent and diligence of his researches into whatever relates to the antiquities of his native country, give great authority. He attributes it solely

* The amorphous trap of the mineralogists.

to what are called natural causes, and confirms his opinion by the circumstance of several large detached stones, somewhat resembling this in appearance, being to be found in situations, where their existence seems equally unaccountable. As to the fact, and the truth of the general description, your readers may rely on the above account; with scientific enquiries into remote and doubtful causes, I am but little acquainted.

I am, sir, &c.

P. P. CARRICK.

Sept. 5, 1814.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

FRANKLIN.

When the first air balloon was exhibited in Paris, the sensation produced by it was extraordinary; all were eager to see, and when seen, to anticipate wonders from the success of the first experiment. A few, however, who prided themselves on an affectation of calmness in the midst of the general enthusiasm, exclaimed, "But what advantage can be derived from such experiments? To what good purpose can this discovery, which has made so much noise, be applied?" The venerable Franklin replied to them with his usual simplicity—"For what good purpose is the new born infant made?" In fact, the child may die in the cradle, may be an ideot, but it may also one day become the glory of his country, the luminary of the age, the benefactor of the human race.

LOUIS XV.

When M. de Montmartel had settled his accounts with the French government, after his resignation, the prime minister was instructed to offer him a recompence equivalent to the services he had done the state—he refused it: he was content: he wanted nothing. Six months after he returned to the minister—"On revising the state of my property," says he, "I find that I stand in need of fifty thousand crowns to arrange my family expenses; after the offers you made me some time ago, I trust you will have no objection to apply to the king for this sum." "Strange," replied the minister; "but six months ago you refused the most splendid offers, and now you come to solicit fifty thousand crowns."—"So it is; I have to beg it as a favour that you lay my request before his majesty." The minister went accordingly to the king, and stated the circumstance, as being the most extraordinary request he had ever heard of. Louis appeared much embarrassed, he started up suddenly, turned his back on the minister, and left the room, saying, at the same time, with marks of the greatest confusion—"Yes, yes, it must be so, he must have the money." The mystery was soon explained; the king wanted these fifty thousand crowns for his own use, but did not wish to apply to the treasury for them in his own name!

SCHWEDENBORGK.

The following anecdote is told of this extraordinary man, to which the reader may attach what degree of credit he pleases:

The Queen of Sweden asked him one day if he could inform himself of the contents of a letter which she had written to her brother, the Prince of Prussia, then dead, and which she was cer-

tain no other person had ever seen or known. He replied, that he would prove, within the space of a few days, that he was acquainted with them; he kept his word; for before the appointed time had elapsed, he drew her majesty aside from her company, and repeated the contents, word for word.

MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

While M. Necker was making financial arrangements, which will cover him with glory, and render his administration ever dear to France; while Me. Necker renounced all the pleasures of society, to devote her cares to the establishment of a new alms-house, their daughter, a child of 12 years old, but who even then displayed talents beyond her age, amused herself by composing plays after the manner of the short dramas of M. de St. Mare. She finished one in two acts, called, *The Inconveniences of a residence in Paris*, which was not only astonishing for her age, but which has even been judged far superior to all her models. The plot is as follows:—A mother has two daughters, one educated in the simplicity of a country life, the other in all the fashions of the capital. The latter is her favourite on account of her vivacity and elegant manners; but the misfortunes into which this mother is involved, by the loss of a suit of great importance, soon shew her which has the better claim to her esteem and affection. The scenes of this little piece are well connected, the characters natural, and the unravelling of the piece easy and interesting. M. Marmontel, who saw it acted in the saloon of her father's country seat at St. Ouen, by the young authoress and her companions, was affected by it even to tears.

When Voltaire had written his tragedy of Merope, it was given to the players, and the parts distributed according to his wish. That of Polifontes, a tyrant, had been given to an actor of the name of Paulin. While the tragedy was in rehearsal, Voltaire harassed the performers with incessant alterations and corrections, as was his custom. After having spent one evening in revising his tragedy, he roused one of his servants at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him an alteration to carry to Paulin. The other remonstrated with him on the unseasonableness of the hour, observing that Paulin must be now asleep, and that he would not get admittance to him. "Go"—said Voltaire to him with the greatest seriousness, "Run—tyrants never sleep."

PHILIP II.

After the destruction of the great Spanish armada, the Duke de Medina Sidonia, an officer in the decline of life, who had the command of it, returned to give an account of himself to Philip the 2d. All the courtiers gave him up for lost, and shrunk from him as a person devoted to satisfy the vengeance of their disappointed monarch.—He, however, appeared in the royal presence, and throwing himself before the king's feet, "Sire," said he, "you behold in me all that remains of the fleet and gallant army you entrusted to my care."—"God is superior to me," replied the king, "I sent you to combat against men, not against the elements; continue still to be my faithful servant." Whence proceeded this magnanimity? To a certain respect for age in a monarch, astonished that nature should be suffered to prey upon his existence; to a pride, that does not permit

him to accuse himself of a bad choice, by attributing to himself its ill success; to the indulgence granted to a man debased by fortune, by one who would have the pride of all but himself subjected to a humiliation of some kind. In fine, to the principles of despotism itself, which is less irritated by natural obstacles, than the slightest voluntary resistance. This anecdote throws great light on the character of Philip the 2d.

MULLER.

Muller, the Swiss historian, when dying, was apprehensive he would not leave behind him property sufficient to pay his debts. He therefore left directions in his will that his manuscripts should be sold for the indemnification of his creditors, adding, that if these produced sufficient for the purpose, he then permitted himself to leave his watch to his servant. He cannot but be affected, says he, on receiving from his departed master the watch he has wound up for twenty years.—The poverty of a man of such talents is an honourable circumstance. The smallest portion of the ability that rendered him famous, would have sufficed him to succeed in any calculation of avarice. His testimony of regard to his old domestic is no less honourable to his feelings.

ABBE D'OLIVET.

Anecdote of the Old Regime of France.—On a vacancy in the Royal Academy, M. Piron, a celebrated French wit, and author of an excellent comedy, called *Metromanie*, was on the point of being elected, when the king intimated his disapprobation. On this being reported to the meeting, one of the members, the Marshal de Richlieu, proposed an adjournment of the election for ten days, until a proper substitute could be nominated. This step was objected to by the Abbe d'Olivet, as being unusual and indecent *(insolite et indecente)*. The royal party, however, of course, succeeded.—When the day of election was fixed, Richelieu rose, and in a loud voice asked, if the rules of the Academy did not pronounce some punishment against a member using the expressions, *unusual* and *indecent*, and consequently offensive, when giving his opinion. Another replied—*corrected and pardoned*: such is the rule. The opinions on this weighty point were collected, and it was unanimously resolved, that the Abbé had not known the meaning of the expressions he employed when delivering his sentiments.—With this farce the meeting terminated.

DR. SMITH, THE BOTANIST.

Linnæus was succeeded in the botanical chair by his son, who was short-lived; after whose death, Dr. Smith, president of the Linnæan society in London, who was at that time in Upsala, purchased the whole collection, books and manuscripts of Linnæus, for one thousand pounds sterling, and carried them to England. Gustavus III. who had been previously offered the collection, but had declined being the purchaser, was indignant when he heard of the sale to a foreigner, which he considered as disgraceful to Sweden. He is said to have given orders to intercept the collection, and to prevent it being carried out of Sweden. Fortunately for botany, Dr. Smith contrived to elude his search, and arrived safely in England with his prize.

Social Economy, and the Useful Arts.

ON THE STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

BLUE COAT HOSPITAL SCHOOL.

The hospital and free-school of Charles II. in Dublin, commonly called the Blue-coat Hospital, was founded by a charter in the twenty-third year of his reign, to the mayor, sheriffs, commons, and citizens of Dublin, constituting them and their successors for ever governors, and giving them a piece of ground on Oxmantown-green, upon which they had already begun to erect a building for that purpose. No establishment has been at any time made under this charter, for the reception of aged reduced persons; neither does any further royal grant appear to have been made to the funds.

The establishment in its present state (1809) is for 130 boys, who are maintained, clothed, and well-instructed in the holy scriptures, and in the principles of the Protestant religion; also, in English, Euclid, Navigation, and various branches of practical mathematics, in which some boys now in the school have made a proficiency uncommon for their years. The boys are admitted at the age of eight, and apprenticed at the age of fourteen, some to trades, some to the sea service, with a fee of £5 each.

The returns for twelve years give an average income of £3041, and an average expenditure of £3085. In this expenditure are included the annual payments made in liquidation of a debt long since contracted; for, about the year 1779, the original hospital being decayed, and insufficient to receive the number of boys which the funds were then equal to maintain, new buildings were erected upon an enlarged plan, at the expence of about £22,000. They are spacious, and, though unfinished, an ornament to the city; but it is to be regretted, that a plan so expensive was chosen, since the funds were inadequate to the carrying it into effect. It was intended to provide for the reception of 300 children, but when the above large sum was expended, whereby a debt of £4000 and upwards was incurred, the governors were obliged to desist. They had provided ample, and, in appearance, too expensive accommodations for officers to superintend an establishment of 300 boys: a beautiful chapel, a spacious school-room, a dining hall; but they had dormitories for only about 120 boys. It has been stated, that the debt will be paid off in the course of a year: this circumstance, with an increase of income lately obtained, will enable the governors to maintain more boys; and it may be observed, that were dormitories prepared for 300, and were the funds adequate to their maintenance, the number might be received without any additional expense *on account of officers*; besides the expenditure for clothing and diet, and apprentices' fees, only additional assistants in the school, and maid-servants, would be required.

The steward of the institution was discontinued for irregularity in keeping his accounts, about four years since, *but continues to possess the apartments provided for that officer*, with the full salary and al-

lowances; the duties of the office are performed partly by the agent, without additional salary on that account, and partly by the butler, who receives five guineas annually, in addition to his wages, for so doing: so that it appears, the duties of an office, which has annexed to it salary and allowances (besides apartments) amounting to £131 16s. are discharged, and very satisfactorily too, for five guineas per annum, by another person. These circumstances suggest the idea of abolishing the office altogether: the funds would thereby receive considerable relief, and the apartments might be assigned to the schoolmaster, or other arrangements made for the benefit of the institution; in these a better infirmary might be provided, the present one being ill-constructed. No parliamentary grant has been at any time made to this institution.

SALARIES OF THE OFFICERS.

Chaplain and master	£153	19	0	With apartments.
Agent and Register	136	14	0	
Steward (superannuated)	131	14	0	
Housekeeper	87	7	0	
Writing and Mathematical Master,	151	1	1	
Surgeon	30	0	0	
	£690	15	1	

List of books read in the blue-coat hospital school:

Universal Spelling Book,
Bible,
Sellon's Abridgement of do.
Church of England Catechism, with Stopford's and other Expositions,
Murray's English Reader,
Scott's Lessons,
Murray's Grammar,
Gough's and Darling's Arithmetic,
Dowling's Spelling Book,
Moor's and Mackay's Navigation,
Simpson's Euclid, and other books on the various practical branches of the Mathematics.
Adams on the Globes.

ON DESTROYING SLUGS IN GARDENS.

BY MR. JOHN WILMOT, F. H. S.

Daily experience teaches us (and particularly in a season like the last winter) the injury we receive from the slug, which, if left unmolested, will frustrate our most sanguine wishes, and too frequently, unperceived, not only injure, but totally destroy a crop, which the season will not permit us to replace. To exterminate those nocturnal depredators has been for many years my study; but I always failed in the attempt, through the means not being properly applied. The usual way at present practised is with lime strewed on the ground very early in the morning, or late in the evening, the thermometer not below 45°, they then are found in moist weather in abundance, on the surface of the soil, when scattering lime fresh slacked, or pulverised, will destroy a number of them, excepting rain comes to their assistance, which too frequently frustrates the design. As the principal time of their committing their ravages is in a rainy or a moist season, the very weather is unfavourable to the application of the lime, as it will act no longer as a caustic, after lying on the damp ground even for half an hour. At the suggestion of my friend, Mr. Whately, the celebrated surgeon, I was induced to make a trial of lime water, which I found greatly to exceed my expectations. I now not only propose, but strongly recommend it on an extensive scale, as I can prove it a saving of nine pounds

out of ten, and it will entirely rid the land of those noxious vermin. The plan I recommend is, to take a small portion of fresh Dorking lime, and pour on it some hot water; when thoroughly dissolved, add water sufficient to make it pass through a fine rose of a water-pot. Previous to the preparation, let a woman take some peas haulm, (I give that the preference,) or any large leaves of the cabbage tribe, and lay them a pole distance from each other. If the weather permit, they will be found in abundance collected under the haulm, &c. both for shelter and food; as we always find them prefer vegetables in a state of stagnation, to those luxuriant in growth: when properly collected, let a boy take up the haulm, &c. and by a gentle shake leave the whole of the slugs on the ground. The woman with a water-pot and rose must then pour a very small portion of the liquor on them, and the boy in the mean time must remove the haulm, &c. to a different spot in the intermediate space. By pursuing this plan for one week (when the weather is favourable), I am perfectly satisfied the whole of them may be destroyed, as the least drop of the liquor will cause immediate death, whereas with lime they frequently leave a slimy matter behind, and escape. In the flower garden it will be found a great acquisition, by watering the edging of box, thrift, &c. for wherever it penetrates it is certain to kill, even in a rainy season. The first thing to be considered in any new experiment is the trouble and expense attending it; for however certain and efficacious the remedy, it is frequently overbalanced by the expense. In the plan I propose, the application is simple, the effect certain, and the expense trifling, which are objects worthy our consideration, as four middling sized watering pots at one time will be found sufficient for an acre, allowing one pot to forty places; and when it is considered that a piece of lime, about two pounds weight, is sufficient for one pot, we may conclude that to any extent, (even in agriculture,) including labour, &c. the whole amount will not exceed five shillings per acre, to be passed over four different times, which if properly pursued, *I am certain*, will rid the land of the whole of them at any season of the year, excepting frosty weather.—The haulms, if not used after the crop of peas is over, may be dried and put away for that purpose; the expense will then be found nearly as stated for one acre, (every thing convenient).

Trouble in laying haulm, &c.	*s.*	*d.*
Woman and boy half a day each,	1	0
Removing do. four different times, one quarter of a day each time,	2	0
Lime,	1	0
Total expense,	4	0

Thus for 4*s.* per acre they may be totally destroyed, however numerous. I can vouch for the statement being correct, having practised it to an extent this winter.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Method of making Vermicelli from Potatoes: recommended by M.C. P. Lasteyrie to the Commissaries of the Agricultural Society of the Department of the Seine.

This mode of disposing of pota-

toes, says M. de L. will be found very advantageous when they begin to sprout, and, thereby, become unfit for common use.

After washing them clean, he recommends their being boiled in the usual manner, and, when done, to peel them, and to put them into a tin tube of about two inches in diameter, and ten inches long; which tube is to be perforated, the holes being placed very near to each other: the top of the tube to be formed in the shape of a funnel. A wooden piston is then to be made of nearly the same diameter as the tube, and which, by means of a handle fastened to the top of it, being worked in the manner of churning, will cause the potatoes to pass readily through the holes, from which they will issue in the shape of vermicelli. These threads are to be spread on sheets of paper, about an inch thick, and placed on a tin in an oven, moderately heated, or even before a common fire, and, when sufficiently dry, put up in paper bags or boxes; where they will keep for years, provided they are kept in a dry place.—100lb. of raw unpeeled potatoes will produce 25lb. of good dryed vermicelli. Or, says M. de L. the potatoes may be made into a paste by bruising and kneading them, before they are put into the cylinder; add then they will more easily pass through the holes, and the threads of the vermicelli will be longer, and of a more delicate texture. By mixing the white and the yoke of one egg with three or four pounds of paste, it will become more firm, bind more solidly, and have a much better flavour.

As it is not only the interest of all housekeepers, but a duty incumbent on each true philanthropist, to use every means for the preservation of such articles of provision as may, properly, be classed among the necessaries of life, and the public is generally very careless, even about those things in which they have the greatest interest, M. de L. observes, that the publishing of an easy method for rendering the potatoe-root useful, at a time when it becomes nearly unfit to serve as food, will perhaps be acceptable, and may be attended with some benefit to the public in general, and particularly to the lower classes of society.

On raising Young Potatoes in the Winter Months. By A. Sherbrook, Esq. of Hoxton, Nottinghamshire.

In the beginning of May, lay a quantity of the largest Oxnoble Potatoes on a cellar floor, two or three deep, and turn them over once in about three weeks, rubbing off all the white sprouts as they appear, but not the spawn or rudiments of the young potatoes. At the end of September have ready a few boxes; at the bottom of each put six inches of decayed leaves, dried to a vegetable mould, and place upon it a single layer of potatoes, close to each other; then put another layer of the same mould, six inches deep, then another of potatoes, and so on till the boxes are full. Set the boxes in a dry covered place, free from frost, never giving them any water.—They will produce good fine young potatoes in December; and those which are ready may be taken off, and the old potatoes replaced, until the remainder of the produce shall be ready.

To obtain a succession, place other potatoes in vegetable mould, in the succeeding winter months.

METHOD OF TAKING IRON MOULDS OUT OF COTTON.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

Every body knows, that cottons, of all kinds, are apt to receive a dirty yellowish, or orange stain, from iron; which, if allowed to remain, gradually corrodes the cloth, and forms a hole. At first, these stains are easily removed by means of muriatic acid or any other (except vinegar); but, after they have remained for some time, acids have no effect upon them. It may, therefore, be acceptable to your readers, to point out the method of removing these moulds, in such inveterate cases.

The iron in them, is in the state of red oxide; and it appears, from various facts well known to chemists, that the red oxide has a much greater affinity to cotton cloth, than the black oxide. The object in view, therefore, should be, to bring the iron in the mould to the state of black oxide; after which muriatic acid will remove it. Now there are two methods of doing this; both of which, in the present case, answer the purpose completely. The first is, to touch the mould with the yellow liquid formed by boiling a mixture of potash and sulphur in water, called hydrogureted sulphuret of potash, by chemists. The mould becomes immediately black, and the action of diluted muriatic acid immediately effaces it. The second method is, to daub the mould over with ink, so as to make it quite black. After this, muriatic acid takes it out, as in the former case. I conceive that this is occasioned by the action of the nutgalls in the ink, which reduces the iron in the mould to the state of black oxide.

I am, sir, &c.

J. M.

CURE FOR THE HOOPING COUGH.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

Wishing to prevent the shocking mortality that annually takes place by the hooping cough at this time of year, I beg your insertion of a very simple recipe I have discovered, used, and recommended, for many years, and have never yet known to fail, when applied in reasonable time:

Take old rum, and oil of turpentine, in equal quantities; mix them, and bruise and infuse a small head of garlic. Rub the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, breast, and back, of the patient, with this infusion, three times a day, *viz.* morning, noon, and night; and take the patient into a stable every morning fasting, while the horses are mucked out; and the higher the horses are fed, and stronger the fume and smell that arise from the dung, the better. I have known the regular adoption of this plan cure some of the most violent cases in a week or ten days.

In order that it may be more generally known, and persons have confidence, I hope the parents of those who experience benefit, will have the goodness to acknowledge the same through the medium of your publication.

I remain, sir,
You most obedient servant,
P. SOMERS.

Aug. 29, 1814.

Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

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Lara, a Tale: Jaquelina, a Tale. MURRAY, London. 1814.

These two anonymous poems have been attributed to writers, whose names, though not of equal fame, stand high in the esteem of the admirers of modern poetry: the former is attributed to Lord Byron, the latter to Mr. Rogers. On hearing the name of Lord Byron, the reader cannot but be much surprised, when he recollects the pledge that accompanied his last poem.* We say his *last*, for the Ode to Bonaparte is too trifling to be considered as worthy of notice, in reflecting on the violation of this vow. It was but a creature of the moment, executed as soon as modelled in the thought; produced, perhaps, with less labour of composition, than many a Vauxhall love-song. On first hearing this poem announced as Lord Byron's, we joined in the general expression of astonishment. But this sentiment only lasted till we had seen the work itself. The first hasty glance we threw on it, raised a doubt in our mind as to the correctness of the report. Attentive perusal removed the doubt, by confirming us in the certainty that it was not written by its reputed author. It contains internal evidence fully sufficient to prove this assertion, and to determine it to be nothing more than a *jeu d'esprit* of some ingenious writer, perhaps in playful trial of the sagacity of the public; perhaps to procure a fair judgment of his own merit, by forcing a comparison of his writings with those of a poet of established fame—a comparison which, however merited, would otherwise either not have occurred to the many, or else would have had to struggle against an unfair prejudice, formed by the overpowering name against which he pitted himself. Whatever be his motive, the result is highly honourable. We cannot pause here to discuss the rank that an imitator should hold in the scale of merit, neither to conjecture how far this writer's powers were aided or depressed by the restraint imposed by imitation. The inquiry into the merits of the poem itself necessarily induces a comparison with the noble writer whom he emulates.

Lord Byron's most prominent characteristic is a gloomy sombreness of sentiment, combined with great vivacity of imagination, and feelings strong, though exquisitely delicate. The first of these features, and the most easily conceived, is happily caught in this poem, but it wants the elasticity of expression, springing spontaneously from the heart, and striking instantly on a kindred feeling in the reader; it has vivacity, terseness, and force, but all bear the marks of being wrought out by labour—it is the exertion of a mind working in fetters.

The composition of the story is completely—shall we venture on the term—*Byronic*. It commences by the introduction of a character,

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bearing evidently a laboured likeness to Conrad, in the Corsair.—The likeness is such as might be expected from a copiest—not so much a resemblance in general character, as in the details of particular lineaments—not originating in that similarity of conception, which takes up the soul of his predecessor with the pencil, but in that of the cautious disciple, who at every touch glances at the original—it is the dark soul of Conrad, with all its gloomy features heightened. He is introduced under the name of Lara, as having returned to his native land, after many years of absence, attended by a single page. No one knows where he has spent the bloom of his life—and he uniformly checks every attempt to develope the mystery.—We annex his picture, as drawn by the poet. The reader will see in it a strong resemblance of Lord Byron's manner, but dusked with a tameness of description, unlike the glow of feeling that gives life to the favourite emanations of his vivid fancy.

In him, inexplicably mix'd, appeared,
Much to be loved and hated, sought and feared;
Opinion varying on his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence formed a theme for other's prate—
They guess'd—they gaz'd—they fain would know his fate.
What had he been? What was he, thus unknown,
Who walked this world, his lineage only known,
A hater of his kind?—yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard;
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceiv'd, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest,
In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

There was in him a vital scorn of all;
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall;
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain; for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult, and half regret;
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth.
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffl'd youth;
With thought of years in phantom chace mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation on his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshy form
She gave to clog the soul and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good;
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride,
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would in tempting time
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;

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Opinion varying on his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence formed a theme for other's prate—
They guess'd—they gaz'd—they fain would know his fate.
What had he been? What was he, thus unknown,
Who walked this world, his lineage only known,
A hater of his kind?—yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard;
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceiv'd, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest,
In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

There was in him a vital scorn of all;
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall;
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain; for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult, and half regret;
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth.
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffl'd youth;
With thought of years in phantom chace mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation on his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshy form
She gave to clog the soul and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good;
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride,
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would in tempting time
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;

So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe;
And longed by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
His mind, abhorring this, had fixed her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own:
Thus coldly passing all that passed below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow.
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
Nor outraged reason's rules by flaw nor start—
His madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen;
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
Of fixing memory on another's heart:
It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
That words can image to express the thought;
But they who saw him, did not see in vain,
And once beheld, would ask of him again,
And those to whom he spoke remembered well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell:
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwin'd
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind,
There he was stamp'd, in liking or in hate;
If greeted once, however brief the date
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
His presence haunted still; and from the breast
He found an all unwilling interest;
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
His spirit seemed to dare you to forget!

After some incidents, which give rise to unfavourable surmises as to this determined silence, a strange knight, who had also lately returned from distant lands, meets him at the castle of Otho, a neighbouring baron, and taxes him with a crime, whose nature he does not then reveal, but promises to declare and prove it on the morrow. Lara retires attended by his page; the stranger departs soon after, and the canto closes by the dispersion of the company, in whose presence this scene had occurred, to their several places of rest.

The opening lines of the second canto exhibit a striking instance of the failure of an attempt at the characteristic style of the original:

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and night awakes the world:
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him but to little, but his last:
But mighty nature bounds as from her birth;
The sun is in the heav'ns, and life on earth,
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

The fifth line of this passage has a strong resemblance to Lord Byron, but the three succeeding are more the style of Darwon.

Lara attends at Otho's castle, to answer the charge made against him the preceding day, but the stranger who had made it does not appear. The imputations which Lara, in consequence, throws upon his honour, are answered by Otho so as to produce a quarrel, in which the latter is wounded, overthrown, and with difficulty saved

by the intervention of his surrounding friends, from the extremity of Lara's rage. The passage is very fine, and does great credit to the writer's original genius.—After his recovery Otho calls upon Lara to answer judicially for the unaccountable disappearance of the strange knight; he resists by the assistance of his own and the neighbouring vassals, whom he had liberated in order to excite their willing attachment. A civil war ensues; the followers of Lara are ultimately worsted, and on attempting to escape to a neighbouring state, are cut to pieces, and Lara himself killed.

The conclusion of the battle is selected as a fine specimen of the author's powers, both as a poet and an imitator. The lines marked in Italics have a cadence very usual in Pope and his followers, but are wholly unlike Lord Byron. The frequent recurrence of similar cadences through the poem is one of the tests by which we have ascertained the reputed not to be the real author.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,
The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd;
And some too, near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die:
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the burning turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:
They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—
It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not:
It was an agony—but now forgot.

The sketch we have offered of this poem is both short and imperfect: enough, however, to excite a desire, which its perusal will certainly gratify. Our limits prevent us from delaying on it farther, than to point out some striking marks by which we have been still further determined in our bold assertion respecting its author.

Lord Byron is peculiarly remarkable for his strict adherence to local customs, both in his descriptions and allusions. This poem, on the contrary, presents but a vague picture of the feudal times, without affording any means to refer it to any particular place or era. Again—Lord Byron, like all other writers whose chief attribute is invention, is mostly dramatic; he does not rest satisfied in telling how his characters act, think, or speak—he sets them before his reader, and shews them acting and speaking for themselves. On the contrary, the poem of Lara is almost undeviatingly descriptive.—We are told what the performers said, and how they acted; but the spirit and animation of dialogue, bursting, as it were, from the lips, and throwing open their hearts at the impulse of the moment, is to be found but in a single passage. We also, in this poem, perceive in several instances an obscurity of diction, not originating, as with Lord Byron, from sentiment too great for utterance, but from a fruitless endeavour of working up a thought into sublimity. Another difference we have detected in

a poverty of ideas, that compels the writer to have recourse to repetition. Thus—

He turned within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall.

That when his long dark shadow through the porch
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch—

Again—

In voice, mien, gesture, savage nature spoke;
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

His eye was almost seal'd, yet not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look.

One line—we should rather say, one word—struck us as most strikingly peculiar; so much so, that of itself it would have given rise to suspicions. It is in the description given *by the poet in his own person* (a point to be peculiarly noticed) of Lara's death.

But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear,
And calm, till murmuring death grasp'd hoarsely near;
But from his visage little could WE *guess*,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless.

Whence comes that monosyllable we? The description, with thissingle exception, is continued throughout the whole poem in the third person: there is no cause for deviation. It can be accounted for only by attributing it to the lapse of a pen too much accustomed to the use of a word, as dear to critics as hateful to authors.—It never could have dropped from Lord Byron.

Shall we trespass on our reader's time with one more remark, not wholly irrelevant; one we trust correct, and we believe original.—Walter Scott and Lord Byron are both first-rate poets: their title to precedency has been and will be a subject of discussion. May not the following observation aid in deciding their relative merit:—The former has had imitators, who, if anonymous, would have left the question of originality uncertain. The latter has had but one, and he has failed.

Jaquelina, the second poem in this volume, is a pretty trifle. It may, or it may not, be an imitation. A discussion on the genuineness of what, if original, is still but the workmanship of an inferior artist, can excite but little interest.

The Victim of Intolerance; or, the Hermit of Killarney. A Catholic Tale. By ROBERT TORRENS, Major in the Royal Marines. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 876. GALE, CURTIS, and FENNER: London. 1814.

The well chosen motto that presents itself to the eye, in the title page of this volume, will best explain its purport—

"He was for ever beating himself against the bars of his cage; and, such is the power of passion over reason, that neither the exercise of his vigorous understanding, nor the experience of constant failures, were sufficient to prevent him from wasting his strength in an idle endeavour to pass the magic circle which law and custom had drawn around him."

The inference easily drawn from this passage is, that the work itself is intended to exhibit the deplorable consequences of the system of intolerance, that till lately disgraced this country. The advocate in such a cause must anticipate a favourable hearing from every man of liberal sentiments and enlightened understanding. As such, we recommend this author to the notice of such of our readers, as wish to blend amusement with instruction.

The mode of introducing the hero is sufficiently romantic, though the idea is not new. An English gentleman, travelling through the south of Ireland, visits the deserted habitation of a hermit, who, after having lived for many years in a studied seclusion from mankind, in one of the recesses of the venerable abbey of Mucruss, had lately left the spot. The singularity of the circumstance, heightened by the many anecdotes recorded of him by the neighbouring peasantry, induced the stranger to make a particular search through the abbey, in hopes of finding some memorial of the recluse. After several disappointments, he at length succeeded. A bundle of papers was discovered laid in a coffin, in one of the vaults, avowedly with the intention of informing the public of the writer's history. The tale then proceeds with the account of the hermit in his own words.

Waverley ; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1000. James Ballantine and Co. Edinburgh. 1814.

This novel stands much higher in the scale of merit, than most of the ephemeral productions of the same kind. It bears in every part strongly marked traces of a highly cultivated mind. Common report attributes it to Walter Scott. Internal evidence confutes the supposition. Were we to hazard a conjecture, too fanciful, however, to build an opinion on, we would say, from a very singular coincidence of expression, that it originated from the pen of the author, whoever he be, of the poem of Lara, reviewed in our present number. Whatever truth there may be in this our guess, for we offer it merely as such, we can speak with confidence of its merits. To point out these in the simplest and most satisfactory manner, we shall proceed by giving a sketch of the tale itself, as far as the scanty limits of our Miscellany permit.

The lineal descendants of the Waverley family consisted, at the time in which the action of the piece commences, of two brothers, the eldest of whom lived as a country gentleman on the estate, enjoying the rural honours then bestowed on the representative of an ancient and respectable family. He was unmarried, and had entrusted the care of performing the honours of his house to a maiden sister. Between him and his younger brother, Richard Waverley, a diversity of political sentiments had occasioned a coolness of some standing. Richard had endeavoured to support his rank, and encrease his income, by attaching himself to the interests of the reigning family of Brunswick; while his elder brother, in the true spirit of old English steadiness, or stubbornness, adhered in principle to the cause of the Stewarts.

This coolness, though not altogether removed, was much abated by the partiality evinced by the country gentleman to the only son of his more politic brother. Edward Waverley had been allowed to spend the greater part of his time, during his boyish years, at the family residence, in the hope of inducing his uncle to settle on the nephew the family estate, which the present possessor would gladly have withheld, even after his own death, from his brother, and which the circumstance of its being unentailed gave him the liberty of disposing according to his caprice. Here, in a state nearly of perfect seclusion, was the boy al-

lowed to indulge in the almost unrestricted gratification of his own will, during the years usually devoted to scholastic educat on. His taste led him to books. The ardent impatience of his temper incited him to feast his inclination by variety; and an extensive, though ill-assorted library, collected through the succession of residents, more perhaps for ornament than use, allowed him to give full scope to his favourite employment. His ardour for desultory reading was scarcely broken in upon, except by occasional visits to his father, whose political career gave him little opportunity, or inclination, to investigate the progress of his son's studies; or by the vanity, which change itself made pleasing, of listening to the genealogies of his family, and deeds of prowess performed by his ancestors, in what his uncle and aunt deemed the golden age of England.

Thus he lived, feeding a character, naturally romantic, with the true food of romance, till an event, seldom calculated on, though always to be expected, launched him, better equipped with sail than ballast, into the storms of busy life. His mode of living had made him romantic; a turn of mind peculiarly enraptured with solitude. His days were spent in ranging his uncle's extensive demesne and parks, at first with no other companion than a book. But it so happened, and, as the author of the tale gives no clue to analyze it, it must be left to the reader's own sagacity to guess the cause, that the blooming daughter of a neighbouring 'squire became equally romantic, and by a kindred sympathy of soul, often crossed the moon-struck wanderer in his favourite walks through Waverley chase. "A romantic lover," says our autnor, "is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration;" the natural consequences of a real or fancied communion of soul, between a stripling, who began to feel himself a man, and a young miss, who would fain enjoy the rights and privileges of a woman, particularly when united with those of mistress of Waverley hall, would have brought this tale to a speedy conclusion, and spared the reader many a mingled scene of mirth and sorrow, had not his aunt Rachel prevented the danger. She saw the lure spread out for her nephew's affections, "what cannot woman see," and shuddering with horror at the idea of introducing the puddle of an English farmer into the pure stream of the Waverley blood, she set her genius to dissolve the spell of love and Cecilia Stubbs. In such cases, female sagacity will quickly dictate, that the shortest and safest way of loosing the knot is to cut it. She therefore persuaded her brother, though without intimating the cause, to send his favourite nephew abroad to see the world. As fortune would have it, the minister of the day, who wished to attach so respectable a family to the interests of the reigning sovereign, gave young Waverley the commission of a captain of horse, no small feather for a country gentleman's cap in those days, though now "how fallen, how changed."

After an affectionate farewell from his worthy uncle, whose last request was to maintain the honour of their ancient name, and after kissing a tear off the rosy cheek of his goddess, which, it is almost needless to add, was more effectually wiped away a few months

afterwards, by a sturdy young yeoman farmer in the neighbourhood, Edward Waverley set off to join his regiment, at their quarters on the eastern coast of Angusshire, preceded by a detachment of recruits raised from among his own tenantry, young hearts of spirit, who "went off for soldiers, to attend his honour, as in duty bound." Our author places him in the regiment of the well known Colonel Gardiner. The first event which broke in upon the dull monotony of a military life in country quarters, was a visit which he felt himself bound to make to a Scotch laird, an old friend of his uncle's. On the advance of summer, after having obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, he set out, with a single attendant, towards the highlands. Near the bottom of the range of mountains, forming the barrier that till lately separated two races of men, wholly unlike in language, dress, and manners, and near the village, or to speak more correctly, the hamlet of Tully-veolan, stood the antique mansion of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, in all the ruinous grandeur of decayed gentility.

After having vainly addressed himself to the massive knocker of the hall door, whose architrave bore the date of 1594, he had recourse to a small wicket. Here he was more successful; it admitted him into an old fashioned, but well-stocked garden. However, he seemed still equally distant from attaining the end of his search. The first living objects that presented themselves to his view, were two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, and performing with their feet the office of a patent washing machine. On seeing the stranger, however, they dropped their garments over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and sprung off like deer in different directions.

[It was not our intention to give extracts; to select many would have encroached too far on our limits, to give but a few, would be injustice to the author; we cannot, however, avoid occasionally using his words, either when they do not protract the course of our narrative too much, or when they present a novel picture: the latter motive sways us at present.]

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house, Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry his features, he was struck with the oddity of his appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he flapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day.—His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together, he hopped upon both at once. His dress, also, was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs, and slashed sleeves, shewing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what his mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face, which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung

with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty;

False love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?
I will repay thee back again
In winter among the showers.
Unless again, again, my love,
Unless you turn again,
As you with other maidens rove,
I'll smile on other men.

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doffed his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, tho' with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied, and, like the witch of Thalaba, "still his speech was song,"—

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind:
The Lady's to greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of Burd Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

Waverley at length is introduced to the owner of the mansion, and to his daughter, Miss Rosa Bradwardine, a young lady about seventeen, of whom we can at present only say, that she had already been toasted with three cheers at the Bautherwhillery club, under the name of the "Rose of Tully-veolan." Her father, as has been said, was a Scotch gentleman, enthusiastically attached to the Stewart family; he had been educated for a lawyer, but, as his politics precluded the hopes of rising in that profession, he went abroad, and made five campaigns in foreign service. After having escaped with some difficulty the consequences of the rebellion in 1715, he had since lived in constant retirement. The pedantry of the lawyer, mixed with the military pride of the old soldier, formed a singular combination of character, in which, however, good nature and honour predominated. Such was the personage to whom Waverley had to introduce himself, as the nephew and reputed heir of his old friend. The reception he here met with induced him to prolong his stay, which the singularity of his host, and the innocent simplicity of his daughter, had rendered peculiarly interesing to a youth of our hero's romantic turn. He, therefore, applied for a renewal of his leave of absence, which was granted, but not without a friendly hint from his commanding officer, not to spend his time exclusively with persons, who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well-affected to a government which they had declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. Edward contented himself with returning a letter of thanks, couched in general terms, adding an assurance, that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate in the house of Tully-veolan.

After passing six weeks here, in the pleasing alternation of field sports and domestic society, Waverly, on rising one morn, perceived the whole family in a state of great perturbation. The servants were running backwards and forwards, in a mixture of confusion and terror; the baron, as the laird was styled, traversing the garden, with swift and tremendous strides, with a countenance expressive of the strongest feelings of offended pride and indignation. Waverley, at length, on entering the breakfast parlour, had the mystery unravelled by Rosa, who told him, that a party of catherans, or highland

plunderers, had come down from the mountains, and carried off all their milk cows. "We used, said she, "to be free from them, while we paid *black-mail* to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. My father," continued she, "will try to recover them by the strong hand; and then, if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and there will be no peace between them and us, perhaps, for our life time." Waverly, on hearing this strange account, asked whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, were the chief thief-taker of the district. "Thief-taker!" answered Rosa, laughing, "he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence, the chieftain of a powerful Highland clan." "And what is *black-mail?*" "A sort of protection money, that low country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done by others; and then, if your cattle are stolen, you have only to send him word, and he will either recover them, or drive away cows from some distant place, where he has a quarrel, and give them to you, to make up your loss." This account of a state of systematic hostility and depredation in a civilized country, boasting its enjoyment of the finest system of laws in the world, astonished Waverley; his surprise was encreased on learning, by farther enquiry, that the highland chieftain was a polite handsome man, and that his sister, Flora Mac-Ivor, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in the country.

Long were the debates, and many the contradictory opinions, among the dependents of the baron, how to revenge this insult on his honour; for it was this, and not the loss, that hurt his pride. How they might have terminated cannot now be told, for they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a highlander, dressed in the full costume of the nation, who came to propose a reconciliation between this formidable chieftain, and the Lowland baron. Terms were agreed on, such as not to compromise the dignity and independence of either party, and the unexpected visit ended, by Edward's acceptance of the stranger's invitation to go along with him to the retreat of the marauder, who had carried off the cattle.

But few preparations were necessary for this expedition. Waverley, therefore, immediately set out, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu Maccombich, followed by one of the baron's game-keepers, who carried his portmanteau, and by two wild highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had on his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber axe, and the other a long ducking gun. After travelling upwards of fifteen miles, according to Edward's calculation, through a country almost impassable to a Southern, his guide made a halt, and after sending off Edward's baggage bearer, with one of his attendants, to a hamlet about three miles off, to pass the night, went forward himself to prepare his friend, the marauder, for the reception of a stranger, who otherwise might be a suspected guest, giving him in charge to his remaining attendant. Under his guidance he came to the border of a lake, which stopt their

progress. It was now night; and the moon rising exhibited the wild and rugged scene around in all its grandeur; the evening breeze wafted over the lake the exquisite fragrance of the birch trees which fringed its banks. Waverly sat entranced in a pleasing reverie, from which he was roused by the appearance of a light on the other side of the lake, like a beacon in the horizon: it increased by degrees. Soon a boat was heard approaching; on drawing nearer a whistle from it was answered by the highlander on shore; it then steered to the inlet where the two travellers had stopped, took them on board, and guided by the light, which now flamed broadly over the distant margin of the lake, retraced its course across the waters.

(To be continued.)

The Feud; a Scottish Story, in seven cantos. 8vo. pp. 153. Jas. Cumming and Co. Dublin. 1814.

The writer of this poem, as the preface informs us, is a female; the work itself the resource of leisure hours. Certainly, such hours could not be spent in a more innocent manner. If music and drawing be deemed so essential for filling up the many moments of seclusion which female life has to spend, as to entitle them to a share in the literary instruction of every well-educated young lady, poetry has a much better claim to be made their auxiliary against our great enemy in retirement, Idleness. Whether the same indulgence is allowable to the person who offers to the public the production of an idle hour, may be more questionable. However, we cannot but view with indulgence the composition of a native and a woman—the one has a claim on our feelings, the other on our respect; and these sentiments, though they shall never tempt us to deviate from truth, must prompt us to soften censure into silence.

One point, however, the former of those feelings, regard for our country, compels us to break through this rule. For her own sake, as well as our's, we could have wished our authoress had selected a subject from our domestic annals. They abound in incidents peculiarly suited for the poet.—Many have been already happily applied to this purpose—many still remain untouched. She may rest assured, that a wreath of our own wild flowers would deck a poet's brow with equal, if not superior grace, to the faded flow'rets borrowed from a neighbouring shore. She might have remarked, that the Scotch, a nation peculiarly gifted with the heaven-born talent of song, never deviated from their native land. The heath and bramble formed a crown that was their pride, and their neighbour's envy. Surely the shamrog of Downpatrick, or the arbutus of Killarney, offer a verdure as fresh, and colours as blooming. The true poet should copy nature alone: her tints are those of truth; simple, yet infinitely diversified. But nature cannot be seen in the volume of remote history. The narrative may, and, indeed, often must be traditional, but the scenes, the characters, the sentiments—these can, and these ought to be taken fresh from the soil that gave them birth. When Walter Scott paints the northern chieftain, or the border marauder--when Lord Byron paints a Turkish pacha, or a roving pirate, neither speak from books—they tell what they have seen or heard of. Let us have the same

spirit at home, and our poetry will also have to boast at least one of the excellencies of the art.

The present State of Ireland, as delineated in the Honourable Justice Fletcher's charge to the Grand Jury of the County of Wexford; together with some observations on Mr. Peele's Acts. By MAURICE O'REGAN. 8vo. pp. 22. J. CUMMING and Co. Dublin. 1814.

It is strange that a writing, such as Justice Fletcher's charge, should have drawn forth but a single answer. It is still stranger, that this answer should have united with this judge in one of the most important points, and on which he lays much stress, the conduct of the country gentlemen. On all other points we are not ashamed to avow our adherence to the independent man, who has raised his voice against the abuses that have crept into the state; nor should we be afraid of taking up the glove which this unknown champion has thrown down, and entering the lists against him, notwithstanding his flow of language and ingenuity of argument, did we not, in so doing, deviate from the rule laid down at the commencement of our career, not to engage in the discussion of political controversies. In entering our protest against his charge, that undue motives operated on Judge Fletcher in his late publication, and against his conclusions in favour of what we, as well as many others, cannot but call abuses, founded in injustice, and tending to oppression, we must give him the credit of accuracy in his statement of the substance of Mr. Peel's famous bills for preserving the peace of Ireland. It contains a clear and concise analysis of their contents. Nor can we altogether withhold our praise for the ingenious turn given to them, in pointing out the effects they must produce on the country in general. However we condemn the cause in which he is engaged, we cannot but give due credit to the advocate. The following is the passage we allude to:

Such remedies, however, are slow.—The beneficial effects resulting from operations, which are to accomplish a healing change in the whole range of public feeling, from the magistrate to the peasant, must be the result of much time; something more immediate is wanting to check the temporary effusions of restlessness and discontent, which, though they do not leave a mark on the calendar, are to be heard of in every newspaper, and have been severely felt in many a private family. The acts so much censured in the charge are of this nature.—Their general outline is fairly given by this writer, because, as has been said, whenever facts are at issue, his assertion is entitled to confidence: it is briefly as follows:—Any two magistrates may call a special meeting of the magistrates of any county, where, if their number amount to seven, a petition may be framed and transmitted to the Lord Lieutenant, praying to have the county, or any particular division of it, declared in a state of disturbance; a statement of the grounds on which it is made must be annexed to the petition. If approved by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, a proclamation to the same effect is issued. Its principal effects are the establishment of a permanent sessions in the disturbed district, under the direction of a serjeant at law, or other lawyer sent down for that special purpose, to try all persons charged with offences tending to the disturbance of the public peace, and none other. The following are the offences which come within the jurisdiction of this court: Inhabitants of the disturbed districts being found out of their dwellings without good cause, at any time between one hour after sun-set and sun-rise—not being found at home during the same hours—taking unlawful oaths—having arms without being duly privileged to keep them—being found in public houses at any hour between nine at night and six in the morning—assembling tumultuously—hawking seditious pamphlets. The punishment is transportation for seven

years. The authority of the court, and the preservation of the public peace, is maintained by a temporary police establishment, consisting of a superintending magistrate in each disturbed barony, (whom the usual county magistrates are to assist,) aided by a sufficient number of extra constables. All the expences incurred by this new establishment, which is to continue while the disturbances exist, and no longer, are to be defrayed by the county or district under proclamation.

This analysis of these bills best explains their nature. They cannot be forced upon any county without the consent of the magistracy, and remain in operation no longer than the state of disturbance continues. The extraordinary powers of this court extend but to one species of crime, which is well defined and limited, and it is competent to inflict but one species of punishment, a punishment not extending to life or property, and acting also as a corrective, by removing the offender from the scenes and connections likely to maintain the spirit of disturbance, and to fix him for a time in a distant residence, where he is necessitated to adopt a course of life, which if steadily pursued, must conduct him even there to comfort and independence, and when the term of his sentence has expired, restore him to his country, with habits suitable to a member of civilized society.

The effects of these acts in suppressing any open symptoms of lawless outrage, must be immediate, but they are valuable not only on account of the present good resulting from them, but because they have an almost irresistible tendency to promote the operation of one of those great but tardy remedies, so strongly recommended in the charge—the reformation of the magistracy. The persons who now occupy this station, will gain nothing by the enforcement of these acts: on the contrary, their influence will be diminished, their consequence lessened, and the charges on their properties increased. Their importance as magistrates merges in a great degree in that of the new officer who presides in the court of special sessions: their superintendency over the peace of the county is superseded by the temporary police establishment. When they reflect on those consequences, when they find that their petition will re-act on themselves, they will be cautious how they invite its powers to their assistance. They will endeavour, by a strict, vigorous, and paternal discharge of their office, to prevent its necessity. They will turn their thoughts from jobs to duties: their minds will enlarge; they will become acquainted with the real state of the surrounding peasantry; they will discover that they have a common interest with them; they will endeavour not to punish but to prevent disturbance; in doing so they will search after the true means of rendering the people peaceable, and as surely as they search after it seriously and with sincerity, so surely will it be found.

To conclude; we acknowledge our wish to see this great question discussed: discussion will lead to truth, truth to reform, and reform to happiness. The more it is canvassed, the more will the correctness of the venerable judge's assertions be confirmed, that the evils of Ireland are not connected with any thing bordering on disaffection; that they originate in internal grievances, long existing and deeply rooted; that the principal of these rest with the country gentlemen; and that on their reformation depends the future tranquillity, nay, perhaps, the very existence of Ireland as part of the British empire.

NEW TREATISE ON LATIN PROSODY.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

It has often surprised me that Alvarez' Prosody, the rules of which are frequently incorrect, incomplete, and written in a very barbarous style, should exist so long without being superseded by any more useful book. There is no person who either teaches or stu-

dies the Roman poets, but must certainly feel the necessity of at least a more complete treatise on Latin metres and quantity, than Alvarez. Such as learn this prosody alone, if they do not lay down certain rules for themselves, from continual reading and observation, will be entirely at a loss for the quantity of many incipient and middle syllables, and also led astray in a number of words, not to mention the inaccuracies which occur almost in every page. Can the following be called rules?

" Nomina Græcorum certa sine lege vagantur."
" ——— Usus te plura docebit."
" O Latinum in variis breviat vel protrahit usus."
" Casibus obliquis vix crescit prima."
" Quæque ultra invenias."
" O parvum in Græcis brevia, producito magnum."
" Productos Græcos casus adjunge vocandi."
" M vorat Eclipsis; prisci breviare solebant."

Besides, a person may write several Heroic, Sapphic, and Trochaic verses, &c. strictly adhering to the rules for poetical arrangement laid down by Alvarez, and yet not write one correctly.

To remedy these defects, I have, from the labour and observation of several years, written a new treatise on latin prosody, and which, from its present state of forwardness in the press, I expect in a few weeks to present to the public.—The plan is as follows:

The rules are in latin hexameter verse, as smooth and comprehensive as their didactic nature will allow; the explanations in English prose, with a numerous and select collection of examples from the best authors, nothing new being advanced without a good and authoritative proof. The rules for the encrease of nouns and verbs in Alvarez are numerous and complex, besides frequently defective; my rules are entirely on a new plan, deduced from analogy, and extremely simple. I have also added rules for vowel before vowel, in Greek and foreign words, and for incipient and middle syllables; and also supplied the other defects of Alvarez, *whose rules are added at the end of each chapter, for the advantage of those who may still prefer them;* and likewise with a view of rendering the purchase of his treatise altogether unnecessary.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

D. B. Hickie.

Dublin, Sept. 19, 1814.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ON COLOURS, AND THEIR NOMENCLATURE.

(Concluded from page 155.*)*

The three simple colours are seldom exhibited by nature in a state of purity, but their binary combinations are abundant, and their ternary compounds almost infinite. It might appear that the great confusion in naming colours arises from this diversity of ternates; but it can be shewn, that the less complex tints, and even the primary hues themselves, are very frequently misnamed. The Latins distinguished yellow by Flaveus (from the colour of ripe corn), and it is curious from this to remark, that the true tint of what has been taken to signify a primitive colour, is in fact a ternate, being composed of blue and red, surcharged with yellow. If we

refer to the blue of the sky, Ceruleus, the idea will vary with every effect of light and circumstance of season, and hence it cannot be taken as a certain hue, far less considered as a simple colour: it is a ternate of blue, neutralized by orange. Many flowers are called red, which are decidedly orange or purple. Red-lead and vermillion are orange—Lake and Carmine are purple. The conception of true red, indeed, is generally the least correct of all the simple colours. Of fifty objects that are usually called red, not one, perhaps, presents an exact specimen of that colour. Let those who wish to satisfy themselves of this, question a friend on a few specimens, and decide by the test given in section 1 and 2 of page 156.

The greatest difficulty in settling a definite nomenclature, appears to lie in fixing on a certain tint of each primary colour, to serve as a criterion of its perfect hue, and a material obstacle offers itself in the varibus and opposite properties of which colours are possessed, which are hardly reducible to simple terms; such as brightness, transparency, warmth—dulness, opacity, and coldness, and all these are liable to misrepresentation from the various degrees of sensibility incident to the optic nerve. Leaving the minute adjustment of these matters to those who may have more leisure and ability to discuss the subject, I shall proceed to explain the system of naming and representing colours, from which I have experienced considerable advantage in my professional pursuits, and as I shall state it abstractedly, it may serve the purpose of any one who shall form to himself determined ideas of the simple colours.

The simple colours I distinguish by their latin names, adding a letter to flavus for the sake of similarity of termination, and they are respectively represented by the figures proposed in the diagram, page 155.

I mark the equi-binary compounds with the conjunct names of their simples; but as each of them can be named and represented in two different ways, bearing the same import, I reject one of each of these, in order to avoid confusion; thus rubeus-ceruleus 14 is suppressed, and ceruleus-rubeus 41 is retained. When one of the colours has less force than the other, it is distinguished by ending in *eo*, and has a point placed immediately after the figure which represents it; as ceruleo-rubeus 4.1 is an orange, surcharged with red, or red tinged weakly with yellow: by this means, also, the designation of every tint composed of unequal forces, terminates with the name of its predominating colour.

The triple compound tint, which has all its parts in mutual counteraction, I call equi-ternius, and represent it by 7, which is the sum of all the parts of every ternate. When the component parts of a ternate are all in different proportions, the name of the least stands first in order, and ends in *o*; the middle force ends in *eo*, and is the middle term; the greatest proportion finishes with its original name: the respective figures are placed in like order, with points after the first and second—thus, a grey, formed of a little yellow, more blue, and still more red, is flavo-ceruleo-rubeus 2.4.1. When two colours in a ternate are equal, and a third less, the latter force is placed first, and ends in *eo*, with a point placed after its figure, while the others retain their original names; as a little yellow added to perfect purple is flaveo-

ceruleus-rubeus 2.41. But when two colours are in equal force and a third is greater, then the former are placed first, and both end in *eo*, with a point after their joint figures, and the other retains its original term; as red, added in superior force to a perfect green, is flaveo-ceruleo-rubeus 24.1.

As it may be expected that I should give my reasons for preferring this system of nomination to the names generally in use, I shall merely state, that the usual terms for binary and ternary tints do not give any distinct idea of their constituent principles, and that those for the latter are so very complex, as hardly to be understood; which inconveniencies are completely obviated in the proposed nomenclature. Ceruleus-rubeus *indicates* a tint formed from equal forces of blue and red, which the word purple only *implies*, and which may equally imply fiery purple or blue purple. Cerulo-flaveo-rubeus indicates a tint whose red prevails, and yellow is in greater force than blue: the least complex idea that I can give of this in the usual terms is, reddish-brown inclined to light-olive, and I will venture to say, that this would never convey a correct idea of the relative forces of its component parts.

By changing the terminations in *us* to *an*, the nomenclature will suit the English idiom better, and may be used adjectively, as *cerulean-rubean*, purple, *flaveo-rubean*, fiery-orange, *flavo-ceruleo-rubean*, greyish-brown, *equi-ternian*, black. In the following classification, the equi-binates and the ternates, where they prevail, are exceptions to the finishing term, indicating a predominance of its hue; and each of them could stand in two places of the arrangement, but are reduced, from the reason already assigned, and are placed where their adopted terminations suit best with the general plan.

NOMENCLATURE.

Red	Rubeus	1
Purple	Ceruleus-rubeus	41
Reddish-purple	Ceruleo-rubeus	4.1
Dark-orange	Flaveo-rubeus	2.1
Reddish-brown	Flaveo-ceruleo-rubeus	24.1
Grey	Flaveo-ceruleus-rubeus	2.41
Greyish-brown	Flavo-ceruleo-rubeus	2.4.1
Olive-brown	Cerulo-flaveo-rubeus	4.2.1
Yellow	Flaveus	2
Orange	Rubeus-flaveus	12
Yellow-orange	Rubeo-flaveus	2.1
Light-green	Ceruleo-flaveus	4.2
Light-olive	Ceruleo-rubeo-flaveus	42.1
Brown	Ceruleo-rubeus-flaveus	4.21
Brownish-olive	Cerulo-rubeo-flaveus	4.1.2
Warm-olive	Rubo-ceruleo-flaveus	1.4.2
Blue	Ceruleus	4
Green	Flaveus-ceruleus	24
Dark-green	Flaveo-ceruleus	2.4
Dark-purple	Rubeo-ceruleus	1.4
Blue-grey	Rubeo-flaveo-ceruleus	12.4
Olive	Rubeo-flaveus-ceruleus	1.24
Olive-green	Rubo-flaveo-ceruleus	1.2.4
Dark-olive	Flavo-rubeo-ceruleus	2.1.4

Limerick, Sept. 1814. C. H. S.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

BRITISH WORKS PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

A general View of the Agriculture of the Orkney Islands, with observations on the means of their improvement, drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture; by John Shireff. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Farmer's Magazine; a periodical work, exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs; published quarterly. No. 59. 3s.

ANTIQUITIES.

The History and Illustration of Salisbury Cathedral, constituting a portion of the Cathedral Antiquities of England. Each Cathedral making a complete work; by John Britton, F. S. A. Nos. I. II. 4to. 12s. each.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of an extensive collection of Books, part I.; comprising the Historical and Poetical Classes, now on sale by W. Ford, Manchester. 1s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Poetæ Minores Græci, præcipua lectionis varietate et indicibus locupletissimis instruxit Thomas Gaisford, A. M. Tom. I. 8vo. 15s.

An Abridgement of the History of Rome; by Velleius Paterculus. Translated by George Baker, A. M. 8vo. 9s.

DRAMA.

Three Dramas, viz. the Ball Ticket: the Mysterious Pocket; and the Heiress. 18mo. 3s.

EDUCATION.

New Orthographical Exercises, with the correct Orthoepy of every word, according to the most approved modern usage, for the use of Foreigners and schools in general; by Alex. Power, Master of the Academy, Ashford, Kent. 12mo. 2s.

Clef, ou themes traduits de la Grammaire de Nicholas Hamel. 12mo. 3s.

Introductory Latin Exercises to those of Clarke, Ellis, and Turner; designed for the younger classes of learners. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Practical View of Christian Education in its early stages. 12mo. 5s.

Original Letters of Advice to a young Lady, on Education, Religion, Literature, Amusements, and other subjects; by the Author of the Polite Reasoner. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Juvenile Arithmetic, or the Child's Guide to Figures, being an easy introduction to Joyce's Arithmetic. 18mo. 1s.

Five hundred Questions deduced from the Abridgement of Goldsmith's History of Rome, to which is annexed a brief sketch of the Roman Government, and a Chronological Table; by J. Gorton. 18mo. 1s.

HISTORY.

A Historical View of the State of the Protestant Dissenters in England, and of the progress of free inquiry and religious liberty, from the revolution to the accession of Queen Anne; by Joshua Toulmin, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

LAW.

An Analysis, arranged so as to serve as a compendious digested Index, of Mr Fearne's essay on contingent remainders, and executory devises; by R. H. Coote, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Reports of cases argued and determined in the Court of Exchequer, Easter and Trinity Terms, 54. Geo. III.; by George Price, Esq. of the Middle Temple. Vol. I. Part I. 8vo. 6s.

A Treatise on Criminal Pleading, with precedents of Indictments, special pleas, &c. adapted to practice; by Thomas Starkie, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

The origin, progress, and present practice of the Bankrupt Laws, both in England and Ireland; by Edw. Christian, Esq. of Gray's Inn. Vol. II. 8vo. 1l. 2s.

MEDICINE.

Observations on Pulmonary Consumption; by Hen. Herb. Southey, M.D. 8vo. 7s.

MISCELLANIES.

An Olio of Anecdotes and Memoranda; by Wm. Davis. 12mo. 5s.

The Eclectic Review, for September, 1814, being No. 3 of the second volume of the new series. 2s. 6d.

The Miscellaneous Papers of John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, &c. with 12 engravings. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

A List of the Navy for September, compiled by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 1s. 6d.

Considerations sur Geneve, dans ses reports avec L'Angleterre, et les Etats Protestans, Suivies d'un discours prononcé a Geneve sur la Philosophie d'histoire. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 8vo. 4s.

The Poetical Register for 1810 and 1811; being the 8th vol. of the work.

The Annual Register, or a view of the History, Politics, and Literature, for the year 1805, bring the 5th volume of a new series. 8vo. 18s.

The Doctrine of Chances, or the Theory of Gaming made easy to every person acquainted with common arithmetic, so as to enable them to calculate the probabilities of events in lotteries, cards, horse-racing, dice, &c.; by Wm. Rouse. 8vo. 15s.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

The Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville; a novel; by R. P. Gillies, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Duty, a novel; by the late Mrs. Roberts, authoress of Rose and Emily. 3 vols. 12mo. 12s.

POETRY.

Carmen Britannicum; or, the Song of Britain, written in honour of the Prince Regent; by Edward Hovell Thurlow, Lord Thurlow. 4to. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

Select Nonconformist's remains; being original Sermons of Oliver Heywood, Thomas Jollie, Henry Newcome, and Henry Rendlebury; with memoirs of the authors, compiled mostly from their private papers; by Richard Slate. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

A Sermon, preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, on Thursday, July 7, 1814, being the day appointed for a general thanksgiving; by G. H. Law, Bishop of Chester. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Comparative View of the Churches of Rome and England: by Herbert Marsh, D. D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Tracts on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and on the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds, from several eminent writers; by Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St. David. 8vo. 4s.

Evangelical Christianity considered, and shewn to be synonimous with Unitarianism; in a course of lectures on some of the most controverted points of Christian Doctrine; addressed to Trinitarians; by John Grundy. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Journal of a Voyage in 1811 and 1812, to Madras and China, returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena; by James Wathen. Illustrated by 24 coloured prints. 4to. 3l. 3s.

A Translation of the first two volumes of the Relation Historique, under the title of Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799 to 1809; accompanied by the whole of the text of the Atlas Pittoresque, and a selection of Plates by M. de Humboldt; by Helen Maria Williams. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 11s. 6d.

An Account of a Voyage to Abyssinia, and travels into the interior of that country, executed under the orders of the British Government in 1809—10: illustrated by a map, charts, and engravings; by Henry Salt, Esq. 4to. 3l. 3s.

BRITISH WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated by plates, by Lowry, Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various Departments of Literature and Science, with practical rules for studying each branch of useful knowledge. By the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. Lant. Carpenter, L.L.D. and the Rev. J. Joyce.

About the middle of September will be published, price 1s. 6d. the third part of Lackington, Allen, and Co.'s Catalogue, for 1814; containing the Classes—Miscellaneous Latin Authors, Dictionaries, and Grammars, Bibliography and Typography, French, Italian, Spanish, and other Foreign Languages, Natural History, Agriculture and Rural Economy, Anatomy, Medicine, Law, and Old Volumes.

The fourth and last part, completing this Catalogue, containing a very valuable collection of Divinity, Ecclesiastical History, and Sermons, and an Appendix of Additions to all the Classes, being recent purchases, will be published at Christmas.

The first and second parts may still be had, price 1s. 6d.

Speedily will be published, elegantly printed in 8vo. price 18s. in boards, a new edition, with some additions never before published, of The English Works of Roger Ascham, Preceptor to Queen Elizabeth: containing, I. Report and Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany, and the Emperor Charles his Court. II. Toxophilus, or the School of Shooting, with the original dedication to King Henry VIII. III. The Schoolmaster. IV. Dedication to Queen Elizabeth of (a work which he appears to have meditated, but never published) the Lives of Saul and David; now first printed from the original MS. in the publisher's possession. V. Familiar Letters. To which will be prefixed the Life of the Author by Dr. Johnson, with Notes by Dr. Campbell, &c.

N. Jickling, Esq. barrister, is prepar-

ing a Digest of the Custom Laws, to be printed in a quarto volume.

The Rev. T. Vaughan has in the press, some account of the Life, with original Letters, of the Rev. T. Robinson, late of Leicester.

Mr. Maddock, barrister, has in considerable forwardness, the Principles and Practice of the Court of Chancery, in two large octavo volumes.

Mr. James, of Wells-street, will speedily publish a Treatise on the Principles of Projection, the projection of the sphere, and the construction of maps, illustrated by eighteen plates of diagrams.

Mr. Leigh Hunt has in the press, the Descent of Liberty; a mask in allusion to the close of the war.

A Short Excursion in France, in 1814, with engravings of the Venus de Medicis and Apollo Belvidere, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. J. Grant will soon publish the second volume of his History of the English Church and Sects, which will include an account of the sect who have adopted the delusions of Joanna Southcott.

Dr. Spurzheim is preparing for the press, an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Brain, as indicative of the faculties of the mind. The work will appear in a royal octavo volume, with engravings.

A Memoir of the Expedition employed in the Conquest of Java, with a survey of the Islands forming the Oriental Archipelago, is in the press, illustrated by thirty-four maps and views.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, Reflections on the Diseases of the Poor for the last 10 years; being a summary of the cases of upwards of 5000 patients who have received his gratuitous advice.

Dr. John Greig will soon publish, in quarto, a Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the adjacent Coast of Northumberland, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. Wm. Butcher, of Ropsley, will soon publish a volume of Discourses on the leading Doctrines of Christianity, calculated for family reading.

The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, is preparing an edition of the Holy Bible, with notes, critical, moral, and devotional, which is intended to be published in parts.

Mr. James White, of Exeter, has a fourth volume of his Treatise on Veterinary Medicine, nearly ready for publication.

A Treatise on the Abuses of the Laws is in the press, principally tending to shew, that the arrest on mesne process is equally oppressive on the plaintiff as the defendant, and the necessity of establishing some court, in which a tradesman can recover a small debt.

Mr. Watkin is engaged on a new edition, with great additions, of his Treatise on Copyholds, which will be printed in two royal octavo volumes.

A new edition of Byron's Miscellaneous Poems, in two octavo volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Jamieson is preparing a new edition of the Life of King Robert Bruce, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace, by Henry the Minstrel; from the MS. of both in the Advocates' Library, with biographical sketches, notes, and a glossary.

Miss Starke's Letters from Italy, with considerable additions, are now in the press.

From a return made to the house of commons relative to the British Museum, it appears that the utility of having a perfect fac-simile of so much of the Codex Alexandrinus, deposited in the Museum, as comprises the Old Testament, in consequence of the gradual decay of this ancient manuscript, by the ravages of time, is strongly urged by the principal dignitaries of the church, and the heads of colleges and professors of divinity in Oxford and Cambridge. A fac-simile of the part containing the New Testament, was accomplished by Dr. Woide in the year 1786. It is stated, that the Rev. Henry Harvey Baber, the keeper of the printed books in the British Museum, will undertake to complete one of the Old Testament in nine years. The expence of printing 250 copies of the manuscript will be 7339l. 17s. 6d. Mr. Baber has already published a fac-simile of the Book of Psalms. The Alexandrian manuscript is, with the exception of the Vatican Codex, now in the national library at Paris, the most ancient copy, by many centuries, of the sacred scriptures. After having been the revered treasure of the Greek church for several hundred years, it was in 1628 presented by Cyril Luca, the patriarch of Constantinople, to King Charles the First, to preserve it from the jealous fury of Mahometan superstition. Ten years after, the learned and pious donor was strangled by order of the Turkish government, in consequence of a misrepresentation of his zealous efforts to reform the discipline of the Greek church

Miscellanea.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS AND DRESS OF THE PRESENT MONTH.

In the walking costume there is but little novelty since our last number.

In morning dresses, laced bodies still continue to be worn; dresses are made as much as ever off the shoulders, and waists are even shorter than they were last month.—Coloured skirts and white bodies still continue to be worn with braces; but the same objection may be made to them.

In turning to the dinner costume, we shall find full frock bodies (if bodies they can be called, which measure only a few inches) and short skirts, which afford too liberal a view of a well-turned ancle. Dinner dresses are mostly made in clear muslin. White sarsnet is in very high estimation; coloured ones, if worn at all, continue to be ornamented with silk fancy trimming, but white is generally trimmed with lace.

In full dress, frocks and draperies of white lace continue in the highest estimation; French gauze frocks, with bodies and short sleeves of ribband net, are next to them. Crape declines in favour, but is still worn by a few *elegantes*. Lace draperies do not differ in their form from those of the last month. The gauze frocks of which we have spoken, are made in all the fashionable colours of the month; their form is a simple frock, fastened up behind with small fancy silk ornaments; and the body, which is made to fit the shape without any fulness, is composed of ribband net, to correspond in colour with the dress; or if the frock is white, the body and sleeves are of any of the fashionable colours for the month.

The sleeve, which is short and full, is not novel, but it is extremely tasteful, its form is an epaulet, and is finished, as is the bottom of the dress, with scolloped floss silk fancy trimming of peculiar beauty, which is laid on round the bottom of the skirt in waves. This tasteful little dress has all that *jaunte* air so peculiar to the French fashions, without any of that glare which so often distinguishes them; on the contrary, it is simply elegant.

Some alteration has taken place in the manner of dressing the hair since our last number; it is worn much fuller on the temples, and in large loose curls. Some *elegantes* also adopt the perfect Grecian style of braiding it on the forehead, and twisting it up behind.—It is to be observed, that either style of dressing the hair can be becoming only to those ladies who are critically beautiful.

In half-dress, small lace caps, ornamented with a fancy flower, or lace handkerchiefs twisted among the ringlets of the hair, are very much worn; as are also little cottage caps, made of intermingled ribband and lace.

In full-dress, tiaras of diamond or pearl, are higher in estimation than any other ornament. Turbans made of gauze or crape handkerchiefs, embroidered in silk or silver, are also much in request for matronly *belles*. Pearl sprigs and artificial flowers are in very high estimation for our juvenile fair ones.

In jewellery we have nothing new to announce.

Dress and walking shoes and boots continue the same as last month; but the form of dress slippers is certainly very far from appropriate, they are too much over the instep. Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as the last, with the exception of the pigeon's, a beautiful colour in shot silk; it is blue and pink, and forms one of the most striking colours.

SYMPATHY; A MORAL TALE.

(Continued from p. 177.)

In the mean time, the two sisters attained their sixteenth year; nature had bestowed on them beauty as interesting as regular; their resemblance was always equally striking. The same features, the same stature, the same tone of voice, made them appear so similar, that, till then, a mother's eye alone could ascertain the distinction. However, on viewing and comparing them attentively, it could be perceived that one of them was handsomer and had a more graceful air than her sister: her entire figure was a master-piece of nature, of which her sister appeared to be the copy; but this difference was too delicate to strike common or inattentive observers. Educated in the most retired solitude, they had hitherto seen no one but their relations, their domestics, and the rustic villagers: they had been beheld without an idea of comparison. Had they lived in the world they would have had neither the same characters nor the same sentiments; each would have been told a thousand times in private, that she was the most lovely and the handsomest, and each would have concluded by believing, or at least by wishing, the assertion to be true. But in this state of pleasing simplicity, the slightest idea of rivalry never entered into their bosoms: they were at the age in which violent attachments have all the simplicity of childhood, all the energy and noble sensibility of youth. Oh! how sweet it is to love with a happy inexperience, when the heart has yet no thought of inconstancy or ingratitude. The Savinias cherished their mutual affection in perfect security: resolved never to separate, they believed that death itself could not divide them, because they believed that the life of one depended, by a physical necessity, on that of the other. This sentiment produced in them an almost magical effect. For the love of life and of our own welfare, that species of selfishness that never can be destroyed, was in them the most energetic motive of a reciprocal attachment and boundless devotion. They could not excite in one another the feeling of gratitude: but is this noble sentiment necessary to friendship? Is it consistent even with real sympathy? While we love, we believe that we owe nothing—we feel that all is paid; and what gratitude could be produced by the greatest kindnesses, and the most affecting actions, which can excite no astonishment, and which have never been considered as painful efforts or sacrifices. The twins loved each other as themselves: had one of them exposed her life to save that of the other, she would have

thought that she was but acting for herself, and, in fact, would have only yielded to an irresistible impulse. They knew each other so well, and their sentiments were so perfectly similar, that they never asked each other's opinion on any subject; they always knew it before hand: this mutual confidence deserved no praise; they knew each other's thoughts so well, that concealment would have been impossible. Always together, they could not quit each other without an exertion, they could not separate without inquietude—one without the other could not taste an amusement. Far from enjoying any splendid spectacle, she would only have wished for it; "my sister has not seen it." One of their greatest pleasures was to pass the fine summer evenings on the rock which bore their name, and which was situate on the borders of Lake Laverzer. Antonia, from the first day of her arrival at her uncle's villa, had admired this rock, covered with moss and verdure, whose summit afforded a kind of platform, on which two persons could sit conveniently. The view from this spot was enchanting; on one side the eye reposed on an extent of waving meadows; on the other it commanded a view of the lake through its whole extent, from the foot of the rock against which it dashed its waves, till it lost itself in the distant horizon. There Antonia and Mulsain often passed their sweetest hours, and on the birth-day of the twins, Antonia dedicated this rock to them. She caused two poplars to be planted on the bank, and had the rock inscribed with the repeated name of Savinia: The two sisters took pleasure in admiring the place, which filial piety and friendship had made so dear; roses and lilies formed a species of crown around the rock: wreaths of vine and woodbine united the poplars, and during the whole summer these two trees, sweet emblem of kindred tenderness, were adorned with the freshest flowers, the product of the gardens and the fields: the rock itself was overspread with rose-leaves: they plundered without mercy the flower-garden and the fields, to adorn it: it then appeared little more than an enormous heap of flowers; a poet might have mistaken it for the throne of Flora.—There, for hours together, the Savinias enjoyed their happiness, and formed innocent projects, not for a distant futurity, for the future is unthought of in moments of happiness, but for the morrow, or the remainder of the evening. Often they sung ballads; often would they contemplate their figures in the lake, reflected, as in a mirror, from the surface of the pure and transparent water; sometimes one of them stooping forward, and beholding her own image underneath, would cry, with a smile, "My sister I am looking at you." "Yes," would the other answer, tenderly embracing her, "yes, it is I indeed."

Every day one of the Savinias read alternately to old Ludvil, during which time she who was not reading walked in the garden by Antonia's directions. One morning, the younger Savinia, while her sister was engaged in the usual duty, was sitting on the edge of a large pond in the garden; as she was looking at the gardener's child, who was playing at a little distance from her, she saw it fall into the pond: though it was but about three feet deep, the child, who was scarcely four years old, would have

been infallibly drowned, had not Savinia darted into the water like lightning, and seized it, at the moment when its mother, distracted with terror, was hastening to its assistance. Savinia placed the little one in her arms, while the poor woman, bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, flung herself at her feet, crying out, "Oh, my dear young lady, tell me to whom I owe the life of my child?" "How," returned her benefactress, "do you not know that I am one of the Savinias?" "Pardon me," said the poor woman, "but I wish to know which; give me some token to distinguish you from your sister."—"From my sister! why so?"—"That I may always know the saviour of my child." "'Tis my sister or I; is it not the same thing?" "Not at all the same to me." Savinia thought this answer so extraordinary, that she could not help smiling; "My good Maria," said she, "be assured that there can be no difference between the Savinias." "But it is you alone that have saved my child." "Had my sister been in my place she would have done just the same." "Yet it is you I ought to love." "You ought then to love my sister."—"Not as well as you." "I see I cannot set you right—listen to me. If you do not love my sister as well as me, I shall think you ungrateful." "Ungrateful! Oh heaven—and I so thankful." "If so, you will love both the Savinias equally." "My dear young lady, if instead of throwing yourself into the water for my child, you had done me an injury, ought I to wish the same to your sister?" "You are not arguing justly: is it possible we could do an injury? is it possible we can be wicked?" "Oh heavens, no: but—if one of the two—if your sister were so"—"If so, we would be no longer the Savinias, we would be two different persons." As she spoke these words, she approached the gate of the mansion-house, whither she was hastening to change her clothes.

In one of the finest evenings in the summer, the two sisters, seated on their rock, witnessed a scene which affected them strongly. Opposite to them, on the other side of the lake, stood a solitary cottage, shaded with elms, and surrounded with a neat garden. The Savinias knew the proprietors of this habitation; they were an old widow and her two grand-daughters, one of whom, who had just married, was on that day about to bid adieu to the shores of the lake, her native soil, in order to settle at the village of her new spouse, about twenty leagues distance. The Savinias, though at a distance, perceived distinctly, the widow, her son-in-law, and her daughters, quitting the little cottage, and slowly approaching the shore, where the boat, that was to carry the bride and bridegroom to their new home, was tied to the withered trunk of an old willow. The grandmother and her daughters embraced one another with tears, and when the final moment of separation drew near, the young sister of the new-married woman darted into the boat, to clasp once more to her bosom the beloved companion she was about to lose. At length they parted: the boat receded from the shore: the young woman, bathed in tears, stretched her arms towards the objects of her early affection, and towards the peaceful cottage that contained her cradle; while exposed to the mercy of the stormy lakes of this country, she abandoned the sweet asylum where the

happiest years of life, the years of innocence, had glided away, to go in quest of an unknown country, agitated with the emotions of a vague uncertainty, arising from the prospect of a union, whose consequences yet were doubtful. This sight affected the sisters deeply.—"Alas!" said one of them, "how I pity the unfortunate creature, who is torn from her maternal roof! Oh my sister! what would become of us were we to be separated?"—"Can you compare us to sisters that are not twins?" replied the other. "Where is the barbarian that would part us? Our destiny is the same: if we change our state of life, the same day, the same hour, the same altar, shall receive our vows, and we will never quit the paternal roof." While she spoke these words, they perceived at a distance a boat, steering along their coast. The weather was stormy, and the bark much agitated; for the wind had risen, and now began to blow with violence. They soon distinguished in it an old boatman, and a young person of a graceful and genteel appearance. In the mean time, the sky grew dark, and was overspread with clouds of of a dusky red, whence broke forth at intervals, repeated flashes of lightning, which, reflected in the lake, appeared to double their length, and to plough it up with a brilliant and rapid light. The waters reflecting the fiery colours of the sky, and the undulating form of the waves, presented the dreadful appearance of a sea of fire, in whose billows the little bark appeared every moment devoted to destruction. The Savinias poured forth ardent prayers for the safety of this vessel. Penetrated with terror and compassion, they threw themselves on their knees to supplicate heaven in favour of those wretched men, whose destruction appeared inevitable. In such an attitude, they might have been mistaken for the guardian spirits of this sequestered spot. On a sudden the storm raged with redoubled violence, and dashed the boat against a rock, scarcely five hundred paces from the shore.—The sisters uttered the most piercing cries; but immediately the young man, who was an able swimmer, appeared on the surface of the water. One of them left the rock hastily to call assistance: the other remained to invite the stranger to take shelter in the house.—He, in the mean time, had almost gained the shore, when looking behind him, he saw his aged companion feebly struggling against the angry element, that his decayed strength could scarcely longer resist. He hastened to his assistance, seized him by the arm, and, without ever quitting his grasp, conducted him to the shore, thus enjoying the double pleasure of escaping such a danger, and saving a fellow-creature's life. They landed at the foot of the rock. The trembling Savinia, transported with joy, uttered a loud exclamation: the stranger raised his eyes—what was his surprise, when he perceived the most lovely female he had ever seen, gazing anxiously down on him, from the majestic throne of flowers that appeared suspended over the lake. He threw himself on his knees, and Savinia, with all the openness of generous innocence, and all the warmth of natural feeling, held out her arms towards him, with a smile, while the tears still overspread her countenance. "Heavenly creature," cried he, those tears are shed for me—it is thy prayers that have saved my

my life." At this moment the other Savinia approached the shore, attended by the domestics, and by her parents, who, alarmed at their daughters' absence during the storm, had come out in quest of them. Savinia had met them at a short distance from the rock, and, after informing them of the extreme danger of the navigators, had hastened on before to the spot. The stranger, still on his knees, kept his eyes fixed on Savinia; she spoke to him, and he was listening with a feeling of adoration, when he heard himself addressed on the other side by the same soft and harmonious voice, inviting him to take shelter in the mansion-house. He started up, and stood fixed in astonishment, on perceiving another Savinia by his side: he again turned his eyes to the rock; there he still saw the same figure.—"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "nature has at length produced a perfect piece of workmanship, and wishing to produce its fellow, has formed two masterpieces."

Antonia and Mulsain now came up, and addressed the stranger, who in a few words informed them, that he was a Genevese, who was making the tour of Switzerland for his amusement, and that his name was Valrive. Mulsain knew and esteemed his parents; he was pleased with having an opportunity of welcoming their son to his house, and his pleasure was augmented by the noble air and interesting manners of his new acquaintance. They hastened to the Castle, where all the cares of the kindest hospitality were lavished on Valrive and the old boatman. In the mean time Valrive never ceased contemplating the two twins. He endeavoured to retrace the features of her who had received his first vows, whose tears he had seen flow for his misfortune; but it was impossible to distinguish her from her sister, and nobody could point out any distinction: the constant answer to his questions was, "they have no sirnames—neither of them is the elder."—He could not recover his surprise. On sitting down to table, Valrive placed himself opposite the twins, and by repeated observation and attentive comparison, he at length detected the slight difference that could with difficulty be discerned in their faces. Charmed with the discovery that it was possible to make a choice between them, he ardently wished that the handsomer were the Savinia of the rock. He drew near her after supper, and with a timid and faultering voice said, that he never could forget the sensibility she testified, *when he had seen her for the first time on the rock.* Savina acknowledged that she had never before been so much affected. At this answer Valrive's heart bounded with joy. He had ascertained her whom he sought; he is certain that he never again shall confound her with her sister. In the mean time Savinia, after a few moments reflection, asked him how he was able to know that it was she he had seen first; "Ah!" replied he, "the eyes may be deceived, but the heart can never be mistaken." At these words Savinia, in astonishment, blushed and was silent. Her sister joined their party, and he turned the conversation on another subject. Valrive, in spite of the fatigues of the day, passed the whole night without closing an eye: he thought of nothing but Savinia of the rock. He already loved her to distraction—he was young, and at such a time of life nothing arrests the imagination so strongly

as an unexpected and romantic interview.

The next morning Valrive observed much confusion in the family; and on enquiry learned, that Antonia was suddenly taken ill during the night; that she was in a violent fever and delirious. He went in quest of the old master of the house, to express his distress at the thought of quitting a family where he had received so many instances of kindness, until their minds were relieved from their present distress. Ludvil, already alarmed at the gloom that overspread the house, was delighted at the thought of detaining a young man of amiable manners, who would not be so deeply affected with Antonia's situation as the rest of the family. A person who does not participate in a general sentiment of grief, experiences a secret self-debasement, more insupportable, perhaps, than any affliction; he must degrade himself by dissimulation, and at length discovers, in spite of himself, that selfishness is something shameful and humiliating. It cannot then be concealed under the specious forms of politeness or suavity of manners; something more is wanting: the countenance and behaviour must testify proofs of a lively sensibility; and whatever pains may be taken to affect this, they will be unsuccessful. They envy those who can weep without an effort; they would willingly endure some pain in order to appear sincere in their expressions of condolence: but they cannot succeed. They become strangers to those who are overwhelmed with affliction; they do not understand their language; they cannot converse with them; they wound them unintentionally; they find themselves suddenly insulated. Such a solitude is dreadful even among the unfortunate. In so uneasy a situation they are happy to meet with an unconcerned person, with whom they can occasionally relax from a painful exertion. Ludvil, therefore, gladly acceded to Valrive's request. "Stay with us," said he, "you please me: I am overwhelmed with misery, my thoughts require some diversion: we will play a game at chess in the evenings." For the old man immediately recollected that Mulsain would no longer join his party, at least for seven or eight days, and he admired the dispensations of Providence, that had thrown Valrive on the coast of Laverzer, in order to supply his place.

In the mean time the two sisters, equally attached to their mother, remained confined to her chamber. Bathed in tears of the tenderest affection, they hung over her pillow solely occupied with their grief. They beheld their adored mother in the utmost danger: no other idea could interfere with this oppressive thought; the remembrance of the young stranger, who, the evening before, had appeared so amiable, was wholly obliterated. The physician arrived in the evening; he revived the hopes of the terrified family by his assurances, that Antonia's illness was not dangerous: he said, however, that it would be tedious, and the next morning, although her senses were not altogether restored, he found her much better, and spoke confidently of her recovery. The Savinias now recollected the young stranger, and learned, with pleasure, that he was still a resident in their uncle's house. The beloved sister met him in the afternoon, he viewed her attentively, and, while endeavouring to be certain whether

it were she, spoke of Antonia with the greatest feeling. Savinia, deeply affected, listened in silence, and her tears flowed even without her knowledge. "Ah! 'tis she," exclaimed Valrive, "I know her by those affecting tears—it is Savinia of the rock—it is she whom I saw shedding tears for me."—"My sister," replied she, "would be equally affected by your words." "Yes," returned he, "but it is you only whose feelings I would excite." At these words the heart of the artless Savinia beat violently. For the first time in her life she experienced a sensation of pleasure, on perceiving herself preferred to her sister: this new emotion did not surprise her; she scarcely observed it. Youth, when much agitated, does not reflect. Wholly occupied by the ruling sentiment, it forgets, for the moment, all others. It is often accused of inconstancy, but unjustly; a new impression does not efface, it merely suspends those already stamped upon it. At the age of sixteen, while the understanding is still uninformed, with a sensitive heart and an elevated imagination, all the emotions of the soul are impassioned, and the first fascination of love can easily diminish the attractions of friendship.

(To be continued.)

AMNESTICS, OR THE ART OF FORGETTING.

(Concluded from page 172.*)*

Statesmen, and more particularly parliamentary orators, are also singularly endowed with this invaluable quality. With the latter it often acts with such effect and rapidity, that the words of a speaker are not unfrequently lost to himself and the surrounding members, even before they can be taken down by the clerk. Yet, strange to tell, the contagion never spreads upwards. Whatever mistakes and misconceptions may have diffused themselves below, the auditors in the gallery generally retain a most distinct and permanent remembrance, not only of the sentiment, but of the very words.

My studies have been principally directed to methodize the art, to reduce it to a system, and thus place it within reach of all ranks. For its utility is not less in private that in public life. The recollection of his taylor's bill is as painful to the half-mounted gentleman, as that of the great charter was to the sovereign. Equally unwelcome to the memory are the promises of the minor and the prince, to the one when of age, and to the other when in power. The braggadocio, when in danger of being kicked down stairs, and the demagogue, when cowering under the impending horrors of a vote of expulsion, would both gladly have recourse to a happy act of oblivion.

My system is equally simple and scientific. Like Chemistry and Botany, its chief merit consists in *a well-applied nomenclature;* and as one great intention of this truly estimable science is to keep a man *in harmony* with himself, I have adapted the language of music as most appropriate to convey an idea of the different processes necessary to complete the adept. Music appears to me peculiarly suited to this purpose, as the real amateur is very apt to forget every

thing else in the world. I shall exemplify my plan by teaching its application to the most common, most necessary, though generally the most difficult part of the art of forgetting—the *cutting* of an acquaintance. This once known, its use can be easily transferred to other cases. It may be done either in slow or quick time, by an *Andante* or *Allegro* movement, and with a different air as times and persons require. Thus, if your friend (for a friend is still a friend until he is *cut*) be of a modest diffident character; I would recommend an *Andante Maëstoso*, marching up to him with all the self-importance of a Yeomanry commandant. This often has the happiest effect, and terminates the campaign by a coup-de-main. If, on the contrary, he be of a frank and open temper, a different mode is better. When he advances in all the smiling confidence of old acquaintanceship, with his hand open and his breast unbuttoned, be prepared to meet him with a soft shy lanquishing coyness of civility; this I call the *Andante pastorale* or *Siciliano*. Again, should the object of rebuff be a pursy bloated self-sufficient *knob*, the surest plan of casting him off is by a *Graciozo* movement, drawing near with an air of smiling familiarity: this is peculiarly successful when directed against Commissioners, City Knights, and Police Magistrates. The *Allegro* movements are generally preferable to those, as being easier in practice, and more expeditious. There is, however, much sameness in them, as they differ little except in the time of performance, from the simplest form of the *Allegro* to a *Prestissimo passage*. The *Giga*, hopping by in a half-run half-minuet step, is a variety which seldom fails, especially towards clergymen of the old school, who, by the bye, are easily distinguishable by the *Orthodox hat*.

All these movements, whether slow or quick, can be diversified and heightened by a great variety of minor graces, each distinguished by an appropriate name. Thus placing a third person between yourself and your quondam *friend* I call a *bar*; its effect is much heightened by wedging yourself between two able-bodied companions; it then becomes a *double bar*, and its success is ensured when followed up by a *repeat*. When you pass by with a half bow and a demi-intelligible sound, somewhat between an "Ah, my dear Sir," and an "Aw, aw, aw, aw," it is called a *slur*; the opposite to which is a *staccato*, when you declare plainly and unequivocally—"Sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you." This is a very bold movement, and what few have nerve to execute in a masterly manner. For general use I would rather advise a gradual failure of recollection, styled in my nomenclature, *Mancando* or *Lentando*. You may, at times, affect to hesitate, as if uncertain whether you recognize your old acquaintance or not. I have not yet quite made up my mind whether I should call this a *quaver* or a *shake*. I am rather inclined to the latter, because it is often terminated by going off in another direction, and then it becomes a *turned shake*. Some men will know a friend at one time and forget him at another—this is *Capriccio*. Walking by with your eyes in the sky, to avoid an encounter with those you would escape, is a *passage in Alt*—hurrying along and rivetting them on the ground is *a running base*—keeping them determinately fixed on the object directly before you is a *tenor*.

To this the Poet seems to allude when he says—

" They kept the noiseless *tenor* of their way."

This last mode of avoiding an unwelcome acquaintance, when you happen to meet in the same shop, is not unaptly termed *a counter tenor*. Stopping suddenly and passing on again is a *rest*—a long stop is a *pause*, and if, at the same time, which adds much to its effect, you survey your *man* from head to foot, it is called a *da capo*. Lounging by, as if to say, " take it as you will," is an *ad libitum*.—Standing stock still, with the back turned and the head erect, is a *Polacca*—while swaggering by, with your left arm a kimbo, and brandishing a bludgeon in the other, is a *bravura*—if any farther use be made of your stick, it becomes an *Irish jig*. *A Fugue* is to be played off when you wish to escape a stubborn pertinacious prig, impenetrable to all the finer impressions; it is executed by turning rapidly to the right about, and moving off generally in double quick time. Should you, after walking round two or three streets, meet him again, it is called *performing a rondo*.

I have dwelt some time on these explanations, because details are necessary for practice. My object is to do good, not to raise my own name: I therefore keep no secret, a further proof of my sincerity and good intention. I shall now, though not strictly within the limits of this essay, acquaint my readers with the means of rebutting any or all of the above *passages* if played off on themselves. Like a complete master, I shall instruct my pupils in the science of defence as well as attack. Listen, therefore, reader—should any *ci-devant* friend attempt to play off any of these preludes against you, the remedy is—A HORSEWHIP.

Which, that all who deserve may obtain, is the hearty wish of, sir, your obedient humble servant,

ADDERLEY APPOSITE.

July 14, 1814.

(To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.)

SIR,

I KNOW not whether I am anticipated in the subject of this letter, either by you, who always stand prominent in your Editorial capacity, as the advocate of the honour of our country, or by some of your numerous correspondents, stimulated by similar feelings. But be it as it will, I cannot be silent in a cause in which every Irishman should speak: I cannot but give vent to the feelings of mixed disgust and indignation that rose in my mind, at the disgraceful imitation of English brutality, exhibited at the Curragh, in the boxing match of Donnely and Hall. The English chuse to stigmatize us as barbarians; it is the watch-word of the day, the fashionable sentiment of the ruling party, sent abroad, as it always is, by those public prints, which, it is well known, dare not vent a whisper, but as it is intimated by the higher orders, and some, if not all of which, are supplied with materials from persons in authority.

Whatever may be our peculiar vices, we have been yet free from some of their's, and among the rest that of being either actors or spectators in hired prize-fighting. An Irishman, it is pretty well known,

is as ready to resent an affront as others, indeed even more so, if our more civilized neighbours are to be believed; but till now we have had no instance of their standing forward as hired bullies, or encouraging others to act this despicable part. We have heard of the perverted ingenuity of some idly busy experimentalist, in contriving means of propagating noxious reptiles here. He succeeded so far as to disseminate the plague of frogs. The present attempt can be considered but in the same light. Its success, if, indeed, it is to be successful, will, no doubt, lead to attempts to introduce more of the fashionable failings of Great Britain. We shall, I suppos, soon learn to start up from our beds, and murder our masters and mistresses, or cut one of our footmen's throats; go to our sweethearts, and shoot them in a fit of passion, and then die like good christians afterwards; we shall be seen haling our wives to the market-cross in a halter, flogging our daughters to death, and practising whatever amiable weaknesses are to be read in every London paper. Afterwards, in due time, their zeal will lead them to initiate us in the rites of modern freemasonry, as practised not only in the metropolis, but in the provincial towns of England.

In the mean time, the blessings resulting from the step already taken to promote our civilization, may be thus summed up:

A diminution of the finer feelings that teach man to love his brother.

A delight in looking coldly on at scenes of blood.

An extinction of the sense of honour, by making money the object of contention, and result of victory.

An encouragement to profligacy, by paying highly a ruffian who can boast of nothing but a superiority in brutal strength.

An irresistible stimulus to excite the lower orders (naturally proud of displaying superior vigour) to neglect the courses of honest industry, in order to make their fortune by means apparently much easier.

A consequent degradation of character, and habits of lawless outrage, necessarily proceeding from taking strength as the criterion of excellence.

An equal degradation of the higher orders in the eyes of the multitude, on seeing the lord and 'squire *hail fellow well met*, with a ruffian, who, but the week before, a decent mechanic would not have associated with, and on feeling a conscious superiority in those talents to which the aforesaid lords and 'squires pay such tribute.

A habit of gambling, necessarily resulting from boxing matches, and leading to idleness, drunkenness, robbery, and the gallows.

An increased hatred, as well as contempt of the magistracy, when they shall see them, not only tolerating, but sanctioning unlawful meetings purposely collected to excite breaches of the peace where money is the object, while even clergymen, who are magistrates, send out the military to fire upon those who engage in similar contests from a point of honour only.

Finally, a disgusting divestment of female modesty, of matronly delicacy, and of virgin purity, by the presence of women (and well-educated women too) at an exhibition of naked men, maiming each other by blows, that often terminate in bloodshed and even in death.

My count y-women, can these things be so If such be British

civilization, give us again our bogs and caves, but let our wives be matrons, and our daughters virgins.

I trust, sir, that these expressions are but the feelings of every one who glories, like me, in signing himself

A TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN.

We had thrown together some thoughts on this most important subject, but gladly waive our privileges in favour of a more eloquent, we shall not say a more zealous, advocate. The enquiries made by us to establish the truth of the assertions we proposed to make, authorise us to confirm the correctness of the above writer's observations, in the following circumstances:

On enquiry, we have heard nothing in the life of Donnell (for that we believe to be the fellow's name, who chooses the honourable profession of fighting in cold blood for money) that entitles him to the profuse liberality of the gentry; a liberality which would have full employment in the relief of our starving manufacturers. We have not heard of the interference of any magistrate to prevent this atrocious breach of the peace—we have not heard of any clergyman, who was a magistrate, coming with a body of the military to disperse the rioters. We know, that the Catholic clergy used all the means in their power to prevent their flocks from attending, proving, though unhappily as to the present case without effect, that their boasted influence is easily over-balanced by that of the country gentlemen. We know that several well-dressed women, apparently of the better sort, were there, both married and unmarried, and who, *till then*, we considered entitled to the name of matrons and virgins, not only in person but in thought. Of many of these we know their names, their residence, and their habits of life. And we now give them this public warning, that if they again insult public decency, and degrade the female character, by a repetition of conduct that sets them below the wretched prostitute, whom penury compels to barter her good name for daily bread, no apprehension of personal consequences to ourselves, shall deter us from holding them forth to public reprobation.

To relieve the reader's mind by a different representation of the same subject, we annex the following letter, accurately translated from the original in French, no matter how procured, but which will prove our diligence in collecting materials; it is needless to add, that the signatures are changed, so that the *delicacy* of the *amiable* correspondents may be spared the apprehensions of having any blush drawn into their cheeks by it, unless, perhaps, what will rise in private at the consciousness that they are known to a third person, though only to a third; and we cannot help saying, that they may think they have escaped very well.

MY DEAR L.—I die with desire to tell you all that has happened here. I only wished for you, my old and dear friend of my bosom, to share in my feelings. We have been at the fight—you know my mamma wished to debar me from it. She said that the sight of naked men was not fit for young persons; and I believe she would have persisted in the refusal, notwithstanding the mortification of a denial, which I have so seldom met with from my dear and good mother, preyed so much on my spirits—be-

sides so many of my young friends were going—but happily I ventured to ask Mr. A. at tea one evening, and dear mamma has a great opinion of him, and you know a gentleman of his profession would not tell an untruth, so I asked him if the pugilists were to be without any clothes at all. He smiled, for he is very good-natured, and always likes to say what is pleasant, that is, you know, when it is the truth, and assured me, and I made him repeat it to mamma, that this was not so; for that they were naked only to the waist, which you know is nothing, for we see our labourers and tenants that way very often when cutting turf, only indeed they have their shirts on.—So my dear mamma at last consented, but she made me promise not to make any bets, for she hates gambling in young people, and she was afraid that if we both lost, as she must pay mine, it might come to more than my father would chuse to hear of. Well; the morning came, I had Mademoiselle up, and prayers said, almost before it was light, and off we all set after breakfast. We were the first carriage there, for you must know that Tom is always slow with the horses, whenever he thinks I am in a hurry, and so I put the clock, and pappa's watch too, almost an hour too fast, and I gave William the footman a two and sixpenny piece, to make him help to put the horses to, for the poor fellow said he would be ashamed to be among gentlemen at the Curragh, without doing as they did, and I liked his spirit.

To tell you a secret, I believe I looked extremely well that day, for all the gentlemen, as they rode by the coach, looked at me, and then turned to speak to one another, and looked at me again, and smiled. Well! there was a great hubbub there, and the carriage was once almost overset, but nothing happened, and we got safe to the ring. The Irishman was the first out; I assure you, I had no notion a common fellow could be so handsome, for though he looked very coarse, and like all the rest of them in his clothes, his skin was as fair as an infant's; and his shoulders and breast, and all below it,* put me in mind of the Mars that Signor tells us is so fine. I thought I should have been deafened with the shouts of the people, when they saw him; mamma, too, brightened up: for *entre nous* she had more bets than she wished to speak of; but Miss ——, the old English lady, that is always talking of Irish barbarity, looked very grave; I believe she began to be afraid that the savage, as she called him, would be too much for her dear countryman. But you shall hear—Hall, the other, was somewhat slow, and when we asked the reason, one of the gentlemen came up and said, that he was ashamed to undress before so many ladies—so we all laughed. "I'll warrant you," says mamma, "our countryman has no qualms of that kind"—so we all laughed again. But at last he came and shook hands, and then *set-to*.† My heart began to beat, they looked so terrible; but I soon plucked up my spirits. They had several *rounds*, but Hall always tumbled

* We cannot vouch that we have hit on the real meaning of the writer here, the *boarding-school French* in which it is written, is in two or three places rather difficult to understand; we will give the original, and let the reader translate for himself.—"*Les epaules, le sein, et tout en le dessous, me faisment me ressouvenir du Mars que le Signor—nous dit etre si beau.*"

† The words in Italics are written in English.

down of himself, without waiting to be struck, which I thought very cowardly; at last Donnelly gave him one blow—I thought he was killed, and my heart failed; for I could not bear to look at a dead man: he got up again, and was as well as ever, but he still kept fighting backwards, which made the other very angry, as he could not *lay-in* a blow; at last Donnelly's foot slipped, when he was going to strike, so Hall *rallied*, but he was *punished*, and *floored* again—you see I have learned all the words of the science; they are not half so bad as botany. After a few minutes they cried out foul play, and stopt. I was very sorry for this, for we lost all the sport, as the gentlemen said; and besides I longed of all things to see Donnelly give *a cross-buttock*, for which, they say, he is famous.

As we went away, several of the country fellows began to hoot after us—the brutes! One of them came so near the coach, that Mr. —— almost knocked him down with his whip, and told him that was for his insolence to the ladies. "Ladies!" says he, "thank the blessed virgin my Molly is no lady."—That was his very word—*the blessed virgin!* only think what heathens they are, as my good mamma says, after all the bibles and testaments, and penny books that are given to them.—We did nothing the whole evening but talk about the fight—and Mr. A.—I could have kissed him for getting me leave—asked me so many questions about it; for he would not go there himself, and seemed so glad to listen to me, and said such comical things about the Englishman losing the battle, by looking at me, though I am sure it was not at him I looked. But he vexed me sadly afterwards; for you must know I long wonderfully to go to a cock-fight; so I thought, as he was in such a good humour, I might coax him to bring about my mother: so I said, as I was sitting by her, how I longed to see two cocks fighting, for they had the spirit of men; but mamma was very angry; and said she wondered how any one could bear to see two noble animals tearing one another to pieces; and, would you believe it, Mr. A. took her part against me. I do not think I would have made it up with him the whole evening, until, after supper (for he contrived to sit beside me, though I almost turned my back on him) he said something about dark eyes that I could not help laughing at, so I became friends again, but it was on condition he would be on my side at the April meeting. Mademoiselle has awoke, and is taking away my candle, so I must go to bed, though I don't think I'll sleep much. Adieu, my amiable cousin, your's most tenderly,

E. T.

ANECDOTE.

An old Priest, or Curé, in France, aged 82, lately headed his parishioners, in receiving the Duke de Berri. His address was affectionate; but one passage is very amusing as shewing the simplicity of the speaker. Alluding to the Duke's *diminutive stature*, the venerable clergyman reminded his Prince, that *Magnus Alexander corpore parvus erat.**

This may be matched with a flower of rhetoric used by one of our native orators, who, in his eulogy of Curran, calls him a *nobleman* without a *pedigree*. How pleasing must such an unexpected compliment have been.

* Alexander the Great was small in body.

Poetry.

ODE AND CHORUS,

Performed on the Second Anniversary celebration of the birth-day of Shakspeare. Written by Mr. W. K. The music by F. S. Esq.

Gentle maids and youths combine
To strew with flow'rets Shakspeare's shrine,
To catch a ray of Shakspeare's fire,
Wake the song, and strike the lyre!

Cho. Hark! hark, his name re-echoes as we sing,
Borne, briskly borne, on Zephyr's azure wing.

Avon's ever classic stream
Now by moonlight steals along,
Rippling in the silv'ry beam,
Softly sweet as Shakspeare's song.
Cho. Hark, &c.

There his eye in phrenzy roll'd
From sphere to sphere, divinely bright!
There his heart, of kindest mould,
Form'd the lay of pure delight.
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Milton's spirit smiles to scan
The tribute lay which HE began:
"To sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
"Warbling forth his wood-notes wild."

Well may we with ardour join
To strew with flow'rets Shakspeare's shrine.
Whate'er of verse shall glide away,
Or wasting time dissever;
Sweet Shakspeare, thy inspiring lay
With us shall live for ever!

ODE

On the first Anniversary of the Birth-day of Master W. J. K. 10th July, 1814.

1

Twelve moons their rounded course have roll'd,
One summer's heat, one winter's cold,
Since this fair bud began t' unfold
His infant charms,
And leapt his mother's heart to hold
Him in her arms.

2

The genial sun, the kindly shower,
Have cheer'd his stem, and given the power,
To blossom forth a fragrant flower,
His parent's joy;
Hail! pride of their domestic bower,
Thou lovely boy!

3

When childhood's gaiety is fled,
And time with gradual hand shall shed
His ripening influence o'er thy head,
May heaven grant,
Life's goodliest fruit may overspread
The generous plant.

4

I'm not thy god-father so grave,
Who at the font, thy soul to save,
Vowed he would teach the prayer and stave,
And pious lessons;
Yet will I on thy progress crave
Heaven's choicest blessings.

5

I wish thee beauty, strength, and grace,
And health thy growing nerves to brace,
Calm temper, that away may chace
Care's bluest devils,
And temperance, that averts her pace
From Old Nick's revels.

6

I wish thee wit's refulgent ray,
To cheer, but not mislead thy way,
A head and heart that will not stray
From honor's traces;
And fortune grant thee as she may,
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THE CAPTIVE.

See where, in awful solitary state,
Yon dreary mansion meets the startled eye,
There poverty deplores the will of fate,
And suffering virtue pours the rending sigh.

There to each trace of former joy unknown,
Far from each feeling heart, each early friend,
The wretched captive vents an angry groan,
And waits in anguish his approaching end.

Ah! who can tell the melancholy scenes,
Who can describe the stern unheard-of woes,
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And waits in anguish his approaching end.

Ah! who can tell the melancholy scenes,
Who can describe the stern unheard-of woes,
The private wrongs, the ever varying pains,
That yonder mournful mansion can disclose.

Trace that dark cell, amid the noxious air,
And let a form of sorrow touch thy mind:
In lasting bondage doom'd to linger there,
An aged, hapless wanderer lies confin'd.

Upon his birth, auspicious plenty shone,
With every blessing wealth is form'd to lend,
To him the dearest ties of life were known,
A parent, a companion, and a friend.

But fortune's treacherous favours fled at last,
Pure native honesty remained alone,
E'er long the charms of social life were past—
Friends—wife—and children, to the grave were gone.

Then avarice came, and with unalter'd brow,
The wreck of all his worldly hopes survey'd,
She closed at once the dismal tale of woe,
And gave to misery its darkest shade.

In vain the Sun, with pure effulgence crown'd,
Illumes the wide-extended vault of heaven,
He scatters joy through nameless worlds around,
But shuns the cell to secret anguish given.

In vain the swelling hill, the distant plain,
The hand of nature clothes in rich array,
To him remembrance only paints the scene,
The fleeting image of a distant day.

For never, never, midst the shady grove,
On soaring fancy's airy pinions borne,
His ear shall catch the sacred notes of love,
Or hail the rising harmony of morn.

He hears the pleasing busy hum of life,
He marks each changing footstep passing by,
He hears the loud dispute, the harmless strife,
And mourns in vain for former liberty.

Bolton-street, May 5th. T. F.

EPITAPH ON GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

Upon this place the great Gustavus died,
While victory lay weeping by his side.

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

On Hallow-Mass eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve, the Night-Hag will ride,
All her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moon-shine, or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair;
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip, and the smile of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of St. Swithin bald,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit in St. Swithin's chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speeds the spell,
He may ask, and she may tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert, his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops, as the charm she speaks,
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is it that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream.

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than the raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form.

(The rest is wanting.)

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

The theatre has just closed, or rather expired through want of nutriment. The supply of external talent that supported its vitality being withdrawn, its existence could be no longer protracted. In taking leave of it for the present, we have to notice a very singular and extraordinary style adopted by the managers to the public in their advertisements. They tell us that a performer *has consented* to appear before the public. Whatever gratitude the proprietor or managers, or both, may feel towards a stranger for contributing to his support, by entering into an agreement with him to appear on the Dublin stage, we are far from conceiving that the public are at all interested in the feeling; on the contrary we conceive that gratitude is due to them from the actor, when they *consent* to be pleased with his exertions. When the public is pleased, the actor feels the good effects in a very bountiful remuneration. Let not the managers impose on the public a share in the burden of their feelings, to persons, to whom no doubt, *they* have every reason to be grateful. An expression of this kind is but an insult. When a proprietor does his best he does but his duty, and is amply paid for it; and the public has a right to demand the full exertion of ability from their servant, whether he be stiled proprietor or lamplighter, whether it be a Catalani or one of those anonymous reptiles that the managers have lately obtruded on the public, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the division of the petty company they employ.

We are again told, by an advertisement from another quarter, that Madame Catalani had relinquished a night's engagement at the theatre in order to sing for the benefit of a Roman Catholic chapel. Such a sacrifice is truly laudable: it deserves every praise that can be bestowed on it, and is offered to a people who know well how to estimate its worth. But at the same time we feel it to be our duty to lay before the public the result of our information relative to this transaction. Madame Catalani sung at the theatre on Monday evening the 12th inst. She was advertised for Tuesday evening, but in the mean time the public were informed, that in consequence of her performance on that day at Denmark-street chapel, the manager had waved his night to her services, and the theatre was consequently closed for that night. Madame Catalani sung accordingly on that day, for the benefit of the Catholic chapel, and the result was as follows:

Received by the treasurer for the charity, the receipts of Me Catalani's performance 460 0 0

Paid by do. to Mr. F. Jones 167 15 0

Balance of profit to the charity, from Me Catalani 292 5 0

This is all that has as yet reached us, but this much informs us, that there was a valuable consideration received somewhere. We do not object to such a consideration, it may have been just and proper; but this we are authorised to say, that the public ought to have been previously acquainted with the terms of the agreement—that by not doing so a species of imposition was practised—that Madame Catalani and Mr. F. Jones obtained a high degree of public approbation for a pecuniary sacrifice, which, at least with respect to one of them, did not exist—that many persons who attended the service at Denmark-street, did so more from a wish of benefitting the fund, than of gratifying their ears, and that therefore many of them would have declined contributing had they been previously informed that upwards of one third of the receipts which they conceived were to be exclusively devoted to the purposes stated in the advertisements, were to be diverted to the remuneration of those persons who were supposed to have made this sacrifice which was so pomposuly announced. We enter not now into the question whether such person or persons should or should not have preferred the interests of the charity to their own:—this is no part of the present question; but we assert that when a treaty is made in which the public is to be a party, the public should be made acquainted with all the terms, and not be led blindfold to drop into the cap of Madame Catalani, or into the hat of the proprietor of Crow-street theatre more than one third of the offering intended to be laid at the shrine of religion.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Aug. 3. *Othello.—Irishman in London.*

Mr. Kean now appeared in his proper character. Iago is one of those characters peculiarly calculated to display his talents. He is a deep designing villain, masked under the smiling phiant courtier, with a dash of military frankness. His final exit was admirable. His satirical description of a good woman would, in our opinion, have had more effect if delivered with greater levity of manner. It is intended to amuse Desdemona, and therefore the severity of the satire should have been more lightened. Pope's Othello is the best of his characters: that is, speaking comparatively, it is better than any other he performs, unless, indeed, we except that of Sir John Traffic, in Riches.

4. *Maid of the Mill—Village Lawyer.*
5. *Merchant of Venice—Review.*
6. *Town and Country—Hotel.*

In the parts hitherto performed by Kean, we were called on to admire his powers of giving full expression to the master-pieces of a great poet: this night he displayed the opposite excellence of infusing life and energy into the faint sketch of a *play fancier*. The part of Reuben Glenroy, as performed by him, would have taught even the writer himself to conceive something more of the character than he had designed. The transition from the depth of despair to happiness, exhibited in a sudden burst of rapture, almost bordering on insanity, was peculiarly admirable.

8. *Richard III.—St Patrick's Day.*
10. *Town and Country—Three Weeks after Marriage.*
12. *The Will—Like Master like Man.*
13. *Hamlet—Raising the Wind.*
15. *Richard III.—The Devil to Pay.*
18. *Othello—Fortune's Frolic.*
20. *Riches—The Citizen.*

This play has been altered from Massinger: the change is considerably for the worse. The scene, instead of exhibiting a picture of the times in which it was written, is changed so as to represent neither the present nor the past.—The characters, with the exception of Luke, who has been retained unmutilated, have been diluted into a mawkish insipidity. As it was, its success is due to the exertions of Kean. His Luke was highly touched; the affected humility of his entrance, contrasted with the open display of the unfeeling villain at the latter end, appeared to great effect.—But his master-piece was the conclusion, where his appearance, crawling up to his brother, and clinging to his skirts, like some noxious reptile, produced a sentiment of disgust, a sickening of the heart, that reality itself could not have excited more powerfully. Mrs. Fulton, in the termagant stepmother, was excellent. Indeed we have never seen an actress fail in this character—is it because they are not acting? The managers supplied the want of the females now in country quarters, by two *ladies*, whose names we never heard of before. They certainly were very amusing, for they never opened their mouths, without drawing forth a burst of laughter.—The audience come to be diverted—if so, no matter whether it be by nature or absurdity—at least the managers think so; and, thanks to the good-nature of their masters, are allowed to try the experiment with impunity.

22. *Macbeth—Weathercock.*

Mr. Kean failed completely in this character; we would dwell more on his defects, had we not reason to think that he was forced into it from the same cause which compelled him to undertake the whining part of Jaffier for his benefit—the want of females, owing to the Dublin theatre being deprived of half its company.

24. *Hamlet—Three Weeks after Marriage.*
25. *Love in a Village—Fortune's Frolic.*

Incledon and Sinclair appeared tonight; the former well known, the latter a stranger, both highly and justly admired for their vocal powers. Rosetta by Mrs. Stewart—shame! shame on the managers.

26. *Richard III.—Mock Doctor.*
27. *Beggar's Opera—Midas.*

Nysa and Daphne—Mrs. Stewart and Miss Rock! another specimen of the respect paid by the managers to the public.

29. *Macbeth—Weathercock.*
30. *Love in a Village—Midas.*
31. *Venice Preserved—Fortune's Frolic.*

Kean performed Jaffier for his own benefit. Jaffier was bad, Pierre execrable. Why he preferred the former, we know not. We felt the loss of Miss O'Neil in Belvidera.—Miss Walstein plays the character, but cannot look it.

Sept. 1. *Cabinet—Midas.*
2. *Castle of Andalusia—Midas.*

For the benefit of Messrs. Incledon and Sinclair.

3. *Hamlet—Fortune's Frolic.*
5. *Richard III.—The Devil to Pay.*

For the benefit of Mr. Pope.

Monthly Register.

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

Monthly Museum Office, 27th Sept. 1814.

The congress, intended to settle the affairs of the civilized world on a firm basis, is on the eve of opening. Perhaps the next Monthly Register will enable us to lay before our readers some, at least, of its results. To those who are in the habit of deducing philosophical deductions from historical observation, the hope of establishing a state of permanent tranquillity throughout the kingdoms of Europe, constituted as their governments are at present, must be small indeed; yet small as it may be, it must be infinitely diminished by a knowledge of the actual sentiments of the great powers, and the casual disclosures which they occasionally betray, of their internal ambition, and external jealousy.

In the mean time, Europe is beginning to settle itself. The natural effects of the great changes that have occurred, and which we have been sedulously taught, and which we have weakly believed, would restore a kind of golden age, are now appearing. They shew themselves in the eager and hasty exertions of the rulers to restore every thing to the old state, and to bring back the days of ignorance in which alone they weakly hope for stability for their governments, or security to themselves.

The fate of Norway is decided, at least for the present. As to the real causes which led to a termination so sudden, though certainly not unexpected, we are in the dark. It appears that the people in general were true to the cause of their country, but that their energies were rendered ineffectual by some secret treachery. The Crown Prince of Denmark, who so lately assumed the title of King, has been induced, whether through weakness or necessity, to sign a convention with the Swedes, in which he resigns his claims, and Norway is transferred to Sweden, under stipulations, to be agreed upon by both parties.* We may guess at the security afforded by such stipulations, between strength and weakness, from experience nearer home.

Of France little is yet to be said. The chamber of deputies appears to be fully occupied in internal arrangements—That concerning the exportation of grain is the most prominent. In substance it is, that when wheat is under a certain price, grain may be exported, subject only to a regulating duty. On rising to 19 francs, the hectolitre, it is subject to a duty of 1½ francs, and on rising to 21 francs, exportation is prohibited. But as the price of grain varies in the different parts of that extensive country, the frontier departments are divided into three classes, in the first of which the limit for non-exportation is 23 francs, in the second 21 francs, and in the third 19 francs. Exportation is at present very offensive to the natives, who also express the most determined disgust and hostility to the English.

Spain is in a state of torpidity, and the Court of Rome is busily employed in re-organizing that active engine of its power, the order of the jesuits.

The war in America has been somewhat more active. Brown, the American general, crossed the frontiers with an army, which British accounts vary from 5 to 7000 men, and defeated part of the British troops, commanded by General Riall, who lost between two and three hundred men. He was also attacked a second time at Chippawa, and suffered some loss. Encouraged by this success, the American army advanced, and again attacked the British, who were now considerably reinforced, and occupied a strong position at Lundy's-lane, near the falls of Niagara: here they were repulsed, after a vigorous engagement. The British accounts state their own loss to be upwards of 800, while that of the Americans is estimated at 1500. This small disproportion between the losses of an attacking army defeated, and a defending one triumphant, proves the Americans are beginning to learn discipline from defeat. In bodily strength, in courage, and in the elasticity of spirit arising from a sentiment of liberty, whether real or imaginary, they are in all respects at least equal to the British. Military inexperience renders them inferior. But this inferiority will every day diminish, by the dearly-earned lessons taught them by their adversary.

At home, we have to record that a ba-

* See Official Documents.

rony of the county of Tipperary has been proclaimed under Mr. Peel's act. A large and expensive establishment of police officers has consequently been sent down, for which the barony will have to pay upwards of 3000l. at the end of the year, in addition to the usual county burthens. The consequence will be that it will not be paid by them, as it is impossible; it must therefore be paid elsewhere; and the open turbulence now existing, will terminate in secret disaffection. In Belfast we have to acknowledge a fresh attempt to put down the Orange Societies, by the friends of civil and religious liberty, in the front of whom appears the name of Robert Tennent, a true patriot; a man who does more good in silence than many whose names are blazoned in the ostentatious banner of public charity, who has passed through the fire of persecution unhurt, and who again stands forth as the friend of his country, in spite of the brow-beating frowns of his powerful enemies, on one side, and the still more discouraging timidity, or, as it is sometimes called, prudence, of his self-denominated friends on the other. For the resolutions see documents.

Convention between his royal highness the Prince Royal of Sweden, in the name of the King of Sweden, on the one part, and the Norwegian government on the other part, concluded at Moss, Aug. 14.

Art. 1. His royal highness Prince Christian shall, as soon as possible, convoke the States General of the kingdom of Norway, according to the mode prescribed by the existing constitution. The diet shall be opened on the last day of September; or, if this be impracticable, within the first eight days of October.

Art. 2. His majesty the King of Sweden shall communicate directly with the diet, by one or more commissioners, whom he shall appoint.

Art. 3. His majesty the King of Sweden promises to accept the constitution framed by the deputies of the diet of Ewswold. His majesty will propose such changes only as are necessary to the union of the two kingdoms, and engages to make none other but in concert with the diet.

Art. 4. The promises of his Swedish majesty and of the prince royal, to the Norwegian people, shall be strictly fulfilled, and confirmed by his majesty to the Norwegian diet.

Art. 5. The diet shall assemble at Christiana.

Art. 6. His majesty the King of Sweden declares, that no person shall be molested, directly or indirectly, for any opinions heretofore expressed adverse to the union of the two kingdoms. The Norwegian civil and military functionaries, or those who are foreigners, shall be treated with all regard and courtesy. None of them shall be harassed for his opinion. Those who decline continuing their services shall be pensioned according to the laws of the country.

Art. 7. His majesty the King of Sweden shall employ his good offices with his majesty the King of Denmark, to procure the revocation of the ordinances or edicts promulgated since January 14, 1814, against the public functionaries, and the kingdom of Norway in general.

Done at Moss, Aug. 14, 1814.

Ratified, CHRISTIAN FREDERICK.

BELFAST RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved--That as the evils of the Orange system still remain unabated, we will renew our petitions to both houses of parliament in the ensuing session.

Resolved—That a draft of the petition now produced, be adopted; and that applications be made throughout the country, to obtain a general co-operation in procuring signatures.

Resolved--That John Hancock having offered a renewal of his services, for the purposes of managing the correspondence connected with the petitions, he is continued as our secretary.

Resolved—That two hundred and fifty copies of the petition, and of these resolutions, be printed and circulated; and that the committee appointed last year are requested to procure subscriptions for defraying the necessary expenses.

Resolved—That the respectful thanks of this meeting be returned to the Duke of Sussex, to Sir Henry Parnell, and Sir John Newport, for presenting the petitions, and for their support of them.

Resolved—That thanks be returned to the Earl of Carysfort, Sir Samuel Romilly, J. P. Grant, Francis Horner, and J. Abercromby, for their constitutional care of Ireland, manifested in last session, in their opposition to measures of coercion, adopted without previous legislative inquiry. They are more especially entitled to the gratitude of Irishmen, because most of our Irish members refrained from all interference on the occasion.

Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting are eminently due to the honourable William Fletcher, one of the justices of the court of common pleas in Ireland, for his excellent charges delivered at the last assizes to the grand juries of the counties of Tipperary and Wexford, as containing a clear and well-founded exposition of the causes which produce the distracted state of Ireland, and especially for his bold reprobation of the orange system, which in those parts of Ireland where it prevails, is the originating cause of all the disturbances of the public peace.

JUSTICE FLETCHER'S CHARGE.

(*Concluded from p.* 190.)

Gentlemen—These facts, peculiar to your county, have induced me to travel at length into this subject, in order to guard you against being affected by similar alarms, originating in other counties. I hope, that by your steady conduct in your own county, you will prevent the maligners of this country from asserting, any where, that the Almighty has poured the full phials of his wrath upon this land, so favoured by nature with her richest gifts; or that he has cursed it, by implanting in it a race of men, of so vicious and depraved a nature, as is not elsewhere to be found.

Gentlemen, I say, it is incumbent upon you to vindicate the state of your county; you have ample materials for so doing; you know the roots of those evils which distract the country; they are to be found in those causes which I have now stated.

But, gentlemen, is there no method of allaying the discontents of the people, and preventing them from flying in the face of the laws? Is there no remedy but act of parliament after act of parliament, in quick succession, framed for coercing and punishing? Is there no corrective but the rope and the gibbet? Yes, gentlemen, the removal of those causes of disturbance which I have mentioned to you, will operate as the remedy. I should imagine, that the permanent absentees ought to see the policy (if no better motive can influence them) of appropriating, liberally, some part of those splendid revenues which they draw from this country—which pay no land tax or poor's rate, and of which not a shilling is expended in this country! Is it not high time for those permanent absentees to afford some assistance, originating from themselves, out of their own private purses, towards improving and ameliorating the condition of the peasantry, upon their great domains, and rendering their lives more comfortable? Indeed, I believe, that some of them do not set up their lands to auction. I know that the Earl Fitzwilliam, in one county (Wicklow), and the Marquis of Hertford, in another (Antrim), act upon enlightened and liberal principles; for, although their leases, generally, are only leases for one life and twenty-one years, the tenant in possession well knows, that, upon a reasonable advance, (merely proportionate to the rise of the times) he will get his farm without rack-rent or extortion. But I say, that the permanent absentees ought to know, that it is their interest to contribute every thing in their power, and within the sphere of their extensive influence, towards the improvement of a country, from whence they derive such ample revenues and solid benefits. Instead of doing so, how do many of them act? They often depute their managers upon the grand jury of the county. This manager gets his jobs done without question or interruption; his roads, and his bridges, and his park walls, are all conceded.

For my part, I am wholly at a loss to conceive, how those permanent absentees can reconcile it to their feelings or their interests to remain silent spectators of such a state of things; or how they can forbear to raise their voices in behalf of their unhappy country, and attempt to open the eyes of our English neighbours; who, generally speaking, know about as much of the Irish, as they do of the Hindoos. Does a visitor come to Ireland to compile a book of travels, what is his course? He is handed from one country gentleman to another, all interested in concealing from him the true state of the country: he passes from squire to squire, each rivalling the other in entertaining their guest; all busy in pouring falsehoods into his ear, touching the disturbed state of the country, and the vicious habits of the people.

Such is the crusade of information upon which the English traveller sets forward; and he returns to his own country with all his unfortunate prejudices doubled and confirmed—in a kind of moral despair of the welfare of such a wicked race, having made up his mind that nothing ought to be done for this lawless and degraded country.—And, indeed, such an extravagant excess have those intolerant opinions of the state of Ireland attained, that I shall not be surprised to hear of some political projector

coming forward, and renovating the obsolete ignorance and the prejudices of a Harrington, who, in his Oceana, calls the people of Ireland an untameable race; declaring, that they ought to be exterminated, and the country colonized by Jews; that thus the state of this island would be bettered, and the commerce of England extended and improved.

Gentlemen—I will tell you what these absentees ought particularly to do—they ought to promote the establishment of houses of refuge, houses of industry, school-houses, and set the example, upon their own estates, of building decent cottages, so that the Irish peasantry may have, at least, the comforts of an "English sow;" for an English farmer would refuse to eat the flesh of a hog, so lodged and fed as an Irish peasant is. Are the farms of an English landholder out of lease, or his cottages in a state of dilapidation? he rebuilds every one of them for his tenants, or he covenants to supply them with materials for the purpose. But, how are matters conducted in this country; why, if there is a house ready to fall into ruins upon an expiring lease, the new rack-rent tenant must rebuild it himself: and can you wonder, if your plantations are visited for the purpose, or if your young trees are turned into plough-handles, spade-handles, or roofs for their cabins? They are more than Egyptian task-masters, who call for bricks without furnishing a supply of straw. Again, I say, that those occasional absentees ought to come home, and not remain abroad, resting upon the local manager, a species of "*locum tenens*" upon the grand jury.—They should reside upon their estates, and come forward with every possible improvement for the country.

I do not propose that you expect any immediate amendment or public benefit from the plans suggested for the education of the poor. It is in vain to flatter yourself that you can improve their minds, if you neglect their bodies. Where have you ever heard of a people desirous of education, who have not clothes to cover them, or bread to eat? I have never known that any people, under such circumstances, had any appetite for moral instruction.

So much, gentlemen, for landlords, permanent and occasional absentees. You now enjoy comforts and tranquillity, after seasons of storms, and fever, and disturbance. The comparative blessings of this contrast should make you anxious to keep your county tranquil. If your farms fall out of lease, set them not up to be let by public auction; encourage your tenantry to build comfortable dwellings for themselves; give them a property in their farms, and an interest in the peace of the county. These are the remedies for the discontents of the people; they will be found much better than the cord and the gibbet.

There may be other causes of discontent in other counties. Those I have mentioned may not apply to your county. If they did apply, I would not shrink from exposing them, I would not now, when advanced in life, and uninfluenced by any hopes or fears; for, whilst I was young, I was equally careless of the smiles and frowns of men in power.

Gentlemen, I had an opportunity of urging some of these topics upon the attention of a distinguished personage, I mean Lord Redesdale, who filled the high office of Lord Chancellor here some years ago. I was then at the bar. His Lordship did me the honour of a visit, after I had returned from circuit, at a time when many an alarm, of one kind or another, floated in this country. He was pleased to require my opinion of the state of the country. I averred, that I thought it was as tranquil, as ever it had been; but I did ask his permission to suggest certain measures, which, in my opinion, would go very far in allaying the discontents of the people. One of these measures was, a reform of the magistracy in Ireland; another was, a commutation of tithes, if it could be satisfactorily effected; a third was, the suppression of the home consumption of whiskey, and the institution of a wholesome malt liquor in its stead. I requested his Lordship to recollect, that Hogarth's print of "Gin-Alley" is an unerring witness to testify what the English people would now be, if they had nothing but a pernicious spirituous liquor to drink. A man who drinks to excess of a malt liquor, becomes only stupified, and sleeps it off; but he, whose intoxication arises from those spirituous liquors, (which, we know, are too often adulterated by the most poisonous ingredients,) adds only fever to his strength. Thus the unfortunate peasant in Ireland is maddened, instead of being invigorated; and he starts out into acts of riot and disturbance, like a furious wild beast, let loose upon the community. I took the freedom to add, "Reform the magistracy of Ireland, my Lord. You have the power to do this; and, until you do it, in vain will you expect tranquillity or content in the

country." His Lordship was pleased to lend a courteous attention to these opinions; and I do believe, that his own natural judgment and good inclination would have prompted him to measures, beneficial to Ireland, and honourable to his fame.

Gentlemen—This subject brings me to a consideration of the magistracy of the country. Of these I must say, some are over-zealous—others too supine: distracted into parties, they are too often governed by their private passions, to the disgrace of public justice, and the frequent disturbance of the country.

Here let me solicit your particular attention to some of the grievous mischiefs, flowing from the misconduct of certain magistrates. One is occasioned by an excessive eagerness to crowd gaols with prisoners, and to swell the calendars with crimes.—Hence, the amazing disproportion between the number of the committals, and of the convictions, between accusation and evidence, between hasty suspicion and actual guilt. Committals have been too frequently made out (in other counties) upon light and trivial grounds, without reflecting upon the evil consequences of wresting a peasant (probably innocent) from the bosom of his family, immuring him for weeks or months in a noisome gaol, amongst vicious companions. He is afterwards acquitted, or not prosecuted; and returns a lost man, in health and morals, to his ruined and beggared family. This is a hideous but common picture.

Again, fines and forfeited recognizances are multiplied through the misconduct of a magistrate. He binds over a prosecutor, under a heavy recognizance, to attend at a distant assizes, where, it is probable that the man's poverty or private necessities must prevent his attending. The man makes default, his recognizance is forfeited; he is committed to the county gaol upon a green wax process; and, after long confinement, he is finally discharged at the assizes, pursuant to the statute; and, from an industrious cottager, he is degraded from thenceforth, into a beggar and a vagrant.

Other magistrates presume to make out vague committals, without specifying the day of the offence charged, the place, or any other particular, from which the unfortunate prisoner could have notice to prepare his defence. This suppression is highly indecorous, unfeeling, and unjust; and it deserves upon every occasion, a severe reprobation of the Magistrate, who thus deprives his fellow-subject of his rightful opportunity of defence. There are parts of Ireland, where, from the absence of the gentlemen of the county, a race of Magistrates has sprung up, who ought never have borne the King's commission. The vast powers entrusted to those officers, call for an upright, zealous, and conscientious discharge of their duty.

Gentlemen—As to tithes, they are generally complained of as a great grievance. In the times in which we live, they are a tax upon industry, upon enterprise, and upon agricultural skill. Is a man intelligent and industrious? Does he, by agriculture, reclaim a tract of land, and make it productive of corn, he is visited and harassed by the tithe proctor; does his neighbour, through want of information, or of skill, keep his farm in pasture, and unimproved, he is exonerated from the burden of tithes, and from the visitations of any clergy not belonging to his own church. Far be it from me to say that tithes are not due to the clergy. By the law of the land, they have as good a title to their tithes, as any of you have to your estates; and, I am convinced, that the clergyman does not, in any instance, exact what he is strictly entitled to. But this mode of assessment has been much complained of; and it is particularly felt in this country, because the Catholic receives no spiritual comfort from his Protestant rector; he knows him only through the tithe proctor, and he has, moreover, his own pastor to pay. This is the reason why he thinks it a grievance; and, I must admit, that, although the clergyman does not receive all that he is entitled to, and although it may not be a grievance in another country, yet the tithe system is a painful system for Ireland.

Gentlemen—You have in your power another remedy for public commotions, I allude to the assessment of the presentment money upon your county. It seems, that the sum of 9000l. is now demanded to be levied; whether this sum is, or is not, an exorbitant one for this county, I know not. It is a tax of which you will impose the greater part, or, perhaps, the whole, upon your county; and it falls wholly upon the occupying tenants or farmers; pray keep this circumstance constantly in your minds; the benefit of this tax is your own. By its operation you have your farms well divided and improved, good roads made round your estates, useful bridges and walls erected; indeed I have known counties which have been parcelled out to undertakers by baronies, and where no man could get a job

without the consent of the baronial undertaker: they met and commuted, and it was thus agreed: "I give you your job here, and you give me my job there." I may be asked, why do I mention those things? the grand jury know them very well; but then they ought to be concealed. Miserable, infatuated nation! these things are not concealed; there is not a grand jury job in the country that is not known and commented upon by the peasantry. Every mischief, and every enormity I have this day stated, is as thoroughly well known to the peasantry, as to the gentry throughout Ireland. The affected apprehension of exciting and exasperating them, by a reprobation of those enormities, is puerile and contemptible. It cannot do mischief; it cannot add to the poignancy of their feelings; it may allay or soothe them. Already those exactions are the subject of minute scrutiny, in every cabin. What are the consequences?—Dreadful heart-burnings, and deep murmurs. The visit of the constable who collects the cess, is a day of general mourning, and distress, and tribulation. I spoke freely of these things to the grand jury of the county of Tipperary. What was the beneficent result? The foreman (Mr. Bagwell) came forward soon afterwards from the grand jury-room, and stated publicly in court, that, in consequence of my charge, he and his fellow-jurors had thrown out applications for presentments, to the amount of £9,600. These may be presumed to be jobs, under pretence of building walls and bridges, filling hollows, lowering hills, &c. Here, indeed, was some good done, by this sudden impulse of economy; here were the fruits of a free and candid exhortation before the public eye.

Gentlemen—The Judge, whose duty it is to pass the presentments, can be of little service towards detecting a "job;" he has no local knowledge; he knows not the distances, the rates, the state of repairs, or the views of the parties. He may, indeed, suspect the job, and tear suspected presentments; but he may tear inadvertently, that which is useful, and let the job pass. Therefore, for the sake of the county, do as Mr. Bagwell did at Clonmel. Begin the reformation; and discountenance, firmly, all parcelling of "jobs."

Gentlemen—When I visited the House of Industry at Clonmel, (which is liberally and conscientiously conducted by an association, consisting of persons of every religious persuasion) with the Protestant parson and Catholic priest at its head) never did my eyes witness a more blessed sight. I immediately asked, "what do you pay to the Matron, and to the manager?"—The sum was mentioned—it was small.—"I suppose," said I, "it is no object of a County job." Mr. Grubb—the benevolent Mr. Grubb, smiled, and said, "You have hit it, my Lord, that is the fact."

But there is one remedy that would, in my estimation, more than any other, especially contribute to soothe the minds of the discontented peasantry, and, thereby, to enable them patiently to suffer the pressure of those burdens, which cannot, under existing circumstances, be effectually removed—I mean the "equal and impartial administration of justice;" of that justice which the rich can pursue until it be attained; but which, that it may benefit the cottager, should be brought home to his own door. Such an administration of justice would greatly reconcile the lower orders of the people with the government under which they live; and, at no very distant period, I hope, attach them to the law, by imparting its benefits, and extending its protection to them, in actual and uniform experience. Gentlemen, if you ask me how may this be accomplished? I answer, by a vigilant superintendance of justice at quarter sessions, and an anxious observance of the conduct of all justices of the peace. Perhaps, the commission of the peace, in every county in the kingdom, should be examined. During a long war, in seasons of popular commotion, under chief governors, (all acting, unquestionably, with good intentions, but upon various principles and different views,) it is not improbable, that many men have crept into the commission, who, however useful they might occasionally have been, ought not to remain. The needy adventurer, the hunter for preferment, the intemperate zealot, the trader in false loyalty, the jobbers of absentees—if any of these various descriptions of individuals are now to be found, their names should be expunged from the commission; and if such a mode of proceeding should thin the commission, vacancies might be supplied, by soliciting every gentleman of property and consideration to discharge some part of that debt of duty, which he owes to himself and the country, by accepting the office of justice of the peace. Should their number be inadequate to supply the deficiency, clergymen, long resident on their benefices, more inclined to follow the precepts of their divine master, by feeding the

hungry and clothing the naked Catholic, (although adhering to the communion of his fathers, he should conscientiously decline to receive from him spiritual consolation,) not harassing and vexing him by a new mode of tithing, and increase of tithes; but seeking to compensate the dissentients from his communion for the income he derives from his labour, by shewing a regard for their temporal welfare, attached to their Protestant flocks, by a mutual interchange of good offices, by affection, and by habit. Such a man, anxiously endeavouring not to distract and divide, but to conciliate and reconcile all sects and parties, would from his education, his leisure, his local knowledge, be a splendid acquisition to the Magistracy, and a public blessing to the district committed to his care. Men of this description are retired and unobtrusive, but I trust, if sought after, many such may be found. Persons there have been of a sort, differing widely from those I have described. These men identify their preferment with the welfare of the church; and if you had believed them, whatever advanced the one, necessarily promoted the other. Some clergymen there may have been, who, in a period of distraction, perusing the old testament with more attention than the new, and admiring the glories of Joshua, (the son of Nun,) fancied they saw in the Catholics the Canaanites of old; and, at the head of militia and armed yeomanry, wished to conquer from the promised glebe.—Such men, I hope, are not to be now found in that most respectable order; and, if they are, I need scarcely add, they should no longer remain in the commission.

Gentlemen—I must further admonish you, if you are infested with any of the Orange or Green associations in this county, to discourage them—discourage all processions and commemorations connected with them, and you will promote the peace and concord of the country; but suffer them to prevail, and how can justice be administered? "I am a loyal man," says a witness; that is, "Gentlemen of the petty jury, believe me, let me swear what I will." When he swears he is a loyal man, he means, "Gentlemen of the jury, forget your oaths and acquit the Orangeman." A truly loyal man is one who is attached to the constitution under which we live; and who respects and is governed by the laws, which impart more personal freedom, when properly administered, than any other code of laws in existence. If there are disturbances in the country, the truly loyal man endeavours to appease them. The truly loyal man is peaceful and quiet. He does his utmost to prevent commotion; and, if he cannot prevent it, he is at his post, ready to perform his duty in the day of peril. But what says the loyal man of another description—the mere pretender to loyalty? "I am a loyal man in times of tranquillity; I am attached to the present order of things, as far as I can get any good by it; I malign every man of a different opinion from those whom I serve; I bring my loyalty to market." Such loyalty has borne higher or lower prices, according to the different periods of modern times. He exposes it to sale in open market, at all times, seeking continually for a purchaser.

Such are the pretenders to loyalty, many of whom I have seen; and incalculable mischiefs they perpetrate. It is not their interest that their country should be peaceful; their loyalty is a "Sea of troubled waters."

Gentlemen—I have had a long professional experience of the state of this country, travelling two circuits every year, and I have spoken the result of my professional observations and judicial knowledge; perhaps the sincerity with which I have put forward these observations, may excite some displeasure. But I hope they may do some good, and I am pretty indifferent, whether they are found disagreeable or not; living a great part of my life in the hurry of professional pursuits, I have employed the moments of my leisure in literary retirement. Attached to no party, I have never mixed with the zealots of either; I have been assailed and calumniated by both. Such is the lot of the man, endeavouring to do his duty with firmness and sincerity.

Gentlemen—If any of you be disposed to think, that this address would be better suited to another place, and another occasion, to such I answer, that I have embraced the opportunity thus afforded to me, of addressing you, in order to state what have appeared to me the causes of popular commotion, and the remedies likely to assuage and prevent them, in those several counties where, within those last five years, I have borne the king's commission. I consider the present occasion a peculiarly seasonable one for such an address. We approach towards the close of a circuit, whose usual order had been inverted for the purpose of delivering the crowded gaols; and

bringing to speedy trial those men with whom they were filled, and who stood charged with the perpetration of almost every crime known to the criminal code. It seemed to me expedient, if such subjects as I have brought before you were touched upon, to do so in a county profoundly tranquil, where no danger could be apprehended, even by the most timid and fastidious, of agitating the minds of the peasantry, by a public discussion.

Gentlemen—Two bills, of importance to the public peace of Ireland, have recently passed both houses of parliament, almost, as I believe, without observation; and, certainly, without public enquiry into the state of the country. Having formed an opinion upon the causes of peculiar discontents, and public commotions, in those counties, which I have within these five years visited, I thought it expedient, openly from this place, to state this opinion; hoping, that my judgment being founded, not upon secret whisperings, or private communications, but upon the solemnity of public trials, and the authenticity of criminal records, may have some weight towards suggesting the expediency of resorting to other means of tranquillizing Ireland, than those hitherto resorted to—banishment, the rope, and the gibbet. These expedients have been repeatedly tried; and have, by the acknowledgment of those who have used them, proved hitherto ineffectual. And here I must entreat, that I may not be wilfully mistaken, and purposely misunderstood, by any man, or class of men. I mean not to question, in the slightest degree, the prudence of the Irish government in introducing, or the wisdom of the Legislature in enacting, those laws: they may be suitable (for any thing I know to the contrary) to the existing state of things in some of these counties, where the discharge of my public duty has not yet called me. In others, although it may not be immediately necessary to put them into active operation, the notoriety of their existence in the statute book may be a wholesome warning to the turbulent and audacious. But, having, in addressing you, taken occasion to give you my opinions upon different subjects, (the statement of which, however erroneous those opinions should appear to be, may produce some good, by soliciting the attention of the enlightened men in both countries, to the same subjects,) I feel myself more especially called upon, by a sense of public duty, to say a few words to you, upon the scope and object of these bills; I say more especially called upon, by reason of these important, though contradictory publications, in the Wexford journals, now laid before me; and to which I have already adverted. Whence that contradiction of sentiment could originate, between persons resident in the same county, and having (one would imagine) equal opportunities of information, it is not for me to conjecture; but its indisputable existence in the months of March and April last, (subsequently to your last Assizes,) calls upon me, briefly to explain to you the purport of those acts, which some of you may deem it expedient to call into active operation.

With one of those acts you have had a former acquaintance. It is the old insurrection act, which, after having perished, is now revived and re-enacted for Ireland. The other is called the peace preservation bill. The insurrection act consists, as you all know, of a complete suspension of the English constitution—of English law—of the trial by jury. Under these new laws, taken together, any seven magistrates may meet, and recommend the county, or district, to be proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant, as being in a state of disturbance. When the proclamation has once issued, every person must stay at home after a certain hour. You are to have the assistance of a learned serjeant from town, who may send abroad offenders, in a summary way.

Gentlemen—I have seen times, when persons, who thinking the lives named in their tenant's leases were lasting somewhat too long, have, by the aid of such a law, found means to recommend a trip across the Atlantic, to the persons thus unreasonably attached to life; and thus achieved the downfal of a beneficial lease, and a comfortable rise in their income in consequence. Such things have occurred. I have known the fact.

Gentlemen—I may be told, that the state of the country requires its re-enactment. It may be so. I am not in possession of the secrets of the Castle. A desperate state of things calls for desperate remedies.

Gentlemen—The other act of parliament is the peace preservation bill. It is a wholesome mode of administering the old powers, already vested by the law in the magistrates. Any seven magistrates may recommend the application of this remedy; and either for the county at large, or any particular barony or district in the county. If their

recommendation should be acceded to by the Lord Lieutenant, this bill comes into immediate operation. Now, you are to meet; a head magistrate is to be appointed, at a salary of 700l. a year; he is also to have a house and offices; his clerk is to get a salary of 150l. a year; the constables are to get 100l. a year each; and seven of your magistrates may get all this done; but listen to one thing more: the disturbed district is to pay the expense of the whole.

Gentlemen—I have trespassed long upon your attention; but I hope, from the tranquil state of your county, that I have not unaptly chosen the present occasion for making those observations. See the necessity of some public discussion of those subjects, in order to extinguish all exaggeration and misrepresentation. I need not travel far back for a curious instance. I have seen, to my surprise, in the *Courier* newspaper, a story of myself, which has been copied into the *Pilot*. It is so very short that I shall read it:

"Such is the disturbed state of Ireland, that one of the judges of assize, upon the Leinster circuit, Mr. Justice Fletcher, in coming from Kilkenny to Clonmel, was pelted by stones in the town of Callan, and owed his safety to the dragoons that escorted him."

When I reached Waterford, I was still more surprised to see one newspaper lamenting that I had been "shot at;" but another protested that it was all a gross falsehood. Now what was the truth? As I passed through Callan, an escort of a few dragoons attended me; this escort, by the bye, is one of the mischiefs of those alarms, a mischief which never occurs in England. There, the gentlemen of consideration in the county come out to meet the judge, with led horses and equipages, and with every suitable mark of respect and attention, not indeed paid to the judge individually, nor desired by him, but an attention and respect due to the law, which the judge comes to administer. But what was the case in Kilkenny? The high sheriff not appearing at all; perhaps as a duty beneath him, or for some other reason; the sub-sheriff unwilling enough to be burdened with the trouble, and anxious to get rid of us; two or three miserable bailiffs, mounted upon wretched little horses, brandishing an enormous length of halbert, resembling so many Cossacks in every thing but utility, and attended by an escort of four or five dragoons, (for the sheriff is not at the expence of paying dragoons.) Indeed, where needy or penurious high sheriffs are nominated, and where the office of sub-sheriff becomes an affair of indirect management, an improper and inefficient attendance upon the circuit judges is generally to be expected. However, thus attended (or rather unattended) we drove to Callan; when a boy, about seven years old, flung a stone idly, either at the sub-sheriff, or at the dragoons, or at both. This was the entire outrage. I did not hear of it until long afterwards, when the newspaper paragraphs led me to the inquiry; but my servants are ready to vouch the fact upon oath.

This story, with prodigious exaggeration, has been since officiously circulated throughout the empire, in order to shew that this country is in such a state of disturbance, that the going judge of assize was pelted with stones, or shot at, and in imminent danger of his life. Can any instance more strongly illustrate the propriety, nay even the necessity, of a full and unreserved statement of the true and actual condition of Ireland, than the extraordinary currency which this paltry fabrication has received, and the avidity with which it has been magnified into a momentous and alarming event?

Gentlemen—I may, perhaps, be warranted in feeling a personal indignation at the mischievous abuse of my name, thus attempted, for the purpose of vilifying the country: and, possibly, this impression may have partly led me to enter into the copious details and observations with which I have this day troubled you.

Gentlemen—If you should feel that any of these observations are founded in truth and reason, you will give me, at least, the credit of upright motives for those, from which you may differ. I can have no other motive, indeed, than a hope of doing some public good, by inciting other persons to useful and meritorious actions. Other judges have here frequently, and with great propriety, charged various grand juries upon the general state of this country, its disturbances, and the causes of its commotions, and some of them have ascribed those disturbances and commotions to a general spirit of disaffection and sedition. If I have a very different and far more consolatory view of the same subject, it cannot be improper or unbecoming my functions, to take the like opportunity of stating my judicial

opinions, of enumerating the several causes, which, in my fixed judgment, have generated these disturbances, and have retarded peace and prosperity in this country, and distinctly pointing out the remedies and correctives, proper for terminating all those mischiefs, and allaying all discontents. These considerations will, I trust, vindicate, as well the motives, as the propriety of my conduct in this respect, through every scrutiny, and against every cavil.

Gentlemen—You will now retire to your jury-room, and there dispose of such bills, and other official business, as shall come before you. Let all your private affairs, your settlements with tenants, your canvassing of freeholders, and such occupations, be postponed to another opportunity. Be punctual and diligent, rather indeed for your own sakes than for mine; you will be the sooner released from duty; but, as for me, I must, at all events, remain here during the allotted period of time.

I have addressed you very much at large, with great sincerity of heart, with an earnest desire for your interests, and those of the public, and, may I hope, not wholly without effect.

MONTHLY OCCURRENCES.

FOREIGN.

An inkeeper at Troyes read in a newspaper that the princess Amelia of Savoy had clandestinely quitted the court of her father: that she was travelling in France with an Italian count, and that his Sardinian majesty had ordered the arrest of the fugitives wherever they might be found. If the king, however, had his emissaries, the princess had also hers, and the sieur Marcel, her intendant, who was at Troyes, determined, in order to relax the pursuit, to make a peasant girl, who had arrived at the inn, named Tonton, pass for the Princess of Savoy. Mademoiselle Elomire Tonton had, however, so little the air of a princess, that the inhabitants of Troyes could scarcely be deceived. Tonton retired to rest, and uttered in her sleep some incoherent phrases, which the intendant interpreted in his own manner; and, moreover, there were found in a parcel a purse full of gold, and some letters, with the seal bearing the arms of Savoy. After these proofs there remained no doubt, and the good Troyens hastened to offer their homage to her Highness. A Gascon barber, named Bosquier Gavaudan, played the character of the Italian Count. He partook of all the honours rendered to the Princess Amelia Tonton, and sat at table with her. Marcel, who by his stratagem, had gained sufficient time, finished the masquerade by marrying the barber to Tonton.

Frankfort, Sept. 10.—Our fair, if we be allowed to use the expression, has terminated even before it has begun. Goods are wanting to satisfy the demand; the manufactures of France, Spain, and Switzerland, and Germany, have an excellent market, because there is little English merchandize, and it is less inquired after than in former times.

BRITISH.

The novelty of a pair of mules drawing a hackney coach, in London, No. 507, daily attracts the notice of passengers. These animals exceed 15 hands in height, are well matched, and in good condition.

DEATHS.—Daniel Isaac Eaton, well known as the publisher of the third part of Paine's Age of Reason, and several works against Christianity, died in London on Wednesday morning last. He had been repeatedly prosecuted, and when brought up for judgment the last time was in a wretched state of health.

In the 78th year of his age, Skeffington Lutwidge, Esq. of Whitehaven, an Admiral of the Blue.—Admiral Lutwidge (whilst Commodore) was the first naval preceptor of the immortal Nelson.

LEINSTER.

An enormous Fish.—A physeter or spermaceti fish, of the catodon, or round headed cachalot species, was killed between Baldoyle and Howth on Tuesday evening, by Mr. George Smith. This gentleman, accompanied by a boy, was engaged in fishing, when it made its appearance. There were others employed in a similar pursuit, but they quickly left "the lord of the watry element" to play his gambols in peace and without interruption. Mr. Smith alone had the courage to remain, and dispute with the huge stranger his right to usurp the empire of the creek. With singular dexterity and effect did he proceed to the attack. By means of a good musket he inflicted in a short time so many wounds that the monster was quite disabled, and

the falling of the tide left it half uncovered on the strand. It measures 32 feet in length and 24 in breadth, which exceeds by much the dimensions of any fish of this species, which has yet appeared in those seas. It will prove a valuable acquisition to the intrepid and enterprising captor.

The Clerks of the Market Jury, under the Lord Mayor's directions, lately paid an unexpected visit, to the Bakers'shops at the Blackrock, William's Town, Ball's-Bridge, &c. And what will appear incredible, they seized near *Three Hundred Loaves of Bread fresh from the Oven*, shamefully deficient in weight. We earnestly entreat that the Lord Mayor may enforce the law, which subjects the Bakers to a penalty for having light bread in their possession—as without this law being put in force, the mere seizure of the bread will amount to nothing.

MARRIED—The Right Hon. Wm. M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls for Ireland, to Miss Shaw, Sister to Robert Shaw, Respresentative of the City of Dublin.

DEATH—In Dorset-street, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian resignation, Mrs. Archdeakon.

ULSTER.

It is a curious fact, that a farmer at Kilwater, near Larne, has a great-grandson, who is upwards of one year elder than his youngest son.

BIRTHS.—On the 16th inst. at Cultra, the lady of Hugh Kennedy, Esq. of a son.

At Bay Lodge, near Belfast, the lady of the Rev. R. S. Dobbs, of a son.

MARRIAGE.—On the 9th inst. at Newton-Stewart, James Hunter, Esq. surgeon, of Islington-green, near London, to Miss Moore, of Drumclamph, in the co. Derry.

DEATHS.—Ellen, only daughter of Captain Frew, of the Royal South Down militia.

Suddenly, at Dunboe-house, Miss Aveling, daughter of the Archdeacon of Derry.

MUNSTER.

BIRTHS.—At her father's house (the Earl of Limerick) in Limerick, Lady Theodosia Rice, wife of Thomas Rice, Esq. of Mount Trenchard, in that county, of a son and heir.

On Friday last, at Greenpark, near Limerick, the lady of John Vereker, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.—On the 14th inst. at Garnavella, co. Tipperary, John Neagle, Esq. of the Royal City of Cork militia, to Sarah, daughter of the late Richard Neagle, Esq. of that place.

At Cashel, Robert Burnet, Esq. late of the co. Dublin militia, to Miss O'Kearney, daughter of the late P. O'Kearney, Esq. of Cashel.

DEATHS.—At his seat at Grove, co. Limerick, Mrs. Odell, wife of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Odell, M. P. for that county, and one of the Lords of the Treasury.

Mrs. Wilcocks, wife of Adderley Wilcocks, Esq. of Cork.

At Castle Connell, Robt. Powell, Esq. late of Prospect, co. Limerick.

CONNAUGHT.

MARRIAGE—On Wednesday last, at Killucan church, Edward Sullivan, Esq. of Carrick-on-Shannon, to Mary Anne, daughter of Francis Waldron, Esq. of Caretown, county Roscommon.

DEATHS.—Near Crossmona, in the county Mayo, at the advanced age of 112 years, Thomas Gaughan. Though poor, yet always cheerful and content, this hardy veteran passed 110 years of his life wholly unacquainted with sickness, up to the end of which period he was able to take a full share with all the young members of his family, in the labours of the field. A memorable circumstance in his otherwise eventless history, was his appearance in the co. court at the age of 106, where, by his clear and intelligent evidence, he fully proved the validity of a survey made in the year 1725, thereby contributing chiefly to the termination of an important law-suit. His eldest son, whom he was still in the habit of calling "the boy," though upwards of seventy, bids fair to emulate the father's patriarchal fame.

At Flower-hill, county Galway, the Rt. Hon. Lord Riverston. This venerable and much-lamented nobleman is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. Wm. T. Nugent, now Lord Riverston.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

The season of distress and alarm is not yet passed over. Public confidence seems in a great measure lost, and public credit at a stand. Failures take place daily. Even in Belfast, which maintained a respectable stand in the universal

crash, the ruin is beginning to operate.—Besides many lesser failures, some highly respectable houses have stopped payment. In London, a correspondent writes, that it is difficult to make sales, but still more difficult to have the bills for payment discounted.

A report lately spread, of a peace with America, encreased the alarm, particularly among the holders of American produce.

The Commissioners of Bankruptcy have refused the application of the creditors of French's bank, to withdraw the commission which had been issued, but under which they had not been declared bankrupts. Much money will hence accrue to the law agents, &c. which must lessen the creditors' fair demand, as it is from their stock it will be deducted.

Sugars are rising, from an expectation of a continental sale. It is said that the duty on tea will be diminished, to prevent smuggling, the necessary consequence of the exorbitant duty with which this article has been loaded.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The late continuance of fine weather has enabled the grain to be saved with ease and expedition; so that any apprehension arising from the lateness of the season, has happily been found to be without foundation. The wheat appears to be under an average crop; it has suffered more or less throughout the country by mildew. The oats in general plentiful, though short in the straw; the potatoes promise well.

As the season for sowing wheat is fast approaching, we publish the following from the Irish Farmer's Journal, (a weekly paper of the greatest value to the Agriculturist). It is there stated, that a farmer had sifted his seed wheat into a tub, containing as much chamber lye as would cover a sack of four bushels at a time, and skimmed off the bad wheat which floated; he afterwards drained off the lye, took out the seed wheat, and sifted fresh lime over it, turning it two or three times. It was sown next morning. When it came up it was remarkably thin, and much affected by mildew. The Editor remarks, that this might have been caused by letting it lie even a few hours in a sack, as the strength of the lye may heat the wheat when confined.

Prices in general are rather on the rise.

PRICE OF GRAIN, &c.

	Dublin.	Waterford.	Belfast.	Athlone.	Wexford.
Wheat	bar. 34s. 3d.	bar. 27s. 6d.	cwt. 13s. 6d.	bar. 25s. 6d.	bar. 30s. 0d.
Barley	bar. 16s. 3d.	bar. 11s. 6d.	cwt. 7s. 6d.	0s. 0d.	bar. 16s. 0d.
Oats	bar. 14s. 3d.	bar. 10s. 3d.	cwt. 8s. 0d.	bar. 9s. 9d	bar. 9s. 3d.
Oatmeal	bar. 12s. 8d.	cwt. 12s. 6d.	cwt. 12s. 6d.	Stone. 1s. 6d	0s. 0d.
Potatoes	cwt. 3s. 3s 6d.	st. 6d. to 9d.	st. 3d.	stone. 2d. to 3d.	stone. 5d. to 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. R. shall appear next month.

JOSEPHUS has been received.

Want of room obliges us to postpone the acknowledgement of several favours lately received; they shall be duly answered next month.